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Will the Democrats Follow the Whigs?

BY SILAS BENT

An inquiry into the wreckage of the Democratic Party, conducted by a skilled journalist, himself a Democrat and director of publicity for the Democratic National Committee in 1920.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Virginia, after the Whigs began straddling and wabbling, exclaimed contemptuously that they had exactly seven principles, "five loaves and two fishes." They were standing around waiting for some miracle-worker to fill their bellies. In the election of 1928 many Democrats assisted in retiring to private life the only potential miracle-man of high visibility in the party. Obviously the curse of politics is the politician. The Democratic Party seems to suffer a little more in that direction than others of record. Quadrennially its leaders behave as though the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November were to be a Lupercal, and as though each of them were ready to cast the chief candidate in the rôle of Caius Julius Cæsar. Principles may go hang.

Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that a party will show homogeneity when it is composed of Protestant Southern planters and industrialists, Western farmers, Eastern unionized laborers, Catholic Tammany, a Catholic machine in Boston, and other odds and ends. Consider, if you will, the origin of the Whigs from anti-Masons, John Quincy Adams followers, henchmen of Henry Clay, advocates of a national bank, nullifiers, states' rights men, and tariff men, with nothing in common save a hatred of Andrew Jackson and all he stood for. The Democrats have in common only the wistfulness of the "outs."

Every faithful partisan must be disquieted at the parallel between the Democratic Party of to-day and the Whigs of a century ago. Doubtless many faithful Republicans exult at it. The resemblance is not in governmental theory, political principles nor tenure of life; it is temperamental, mechanical and emotional. Modern Democracy, like the Whigs from the beginning, lives solely

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as an opposition party. Both have supported a standard-bearer thrice defeated for the Presidency. Both have been subject to internecine strife. Both have embraced heterogeneous and apparently incompatible elements. Both have been opportunist. Both have abandoned policies which gave them their first lease on life. The Whigs, during an existence spanning less than a generation, sent two men to the White House; since the Civil War the Democrats have placed but two men there. As a Democrat, it seems to me pertinent to inquire whether the party is now doomed to be snuffed out as were the Whigs.

It was in 1831 that a group of Adams-Clay "Republicans" nominated Clay and John Sergeant at Baltimore on a national ticket. No platform was adopted, but in May of the following year a "Young Man's National Republican" convention was held in Washington, and expressed its anti-Jacksonianism in ten resolutions, indorsing a protective tariff, a system of internal improvements by the Federal Government, the abolition of the "spoils system," no removal from office for political reasons, a central national bank, and the decision of Constitutional questions by the Supreme Court. Not until February, 1834, were these nuclei of a new party dubbed Whigs.

Even though the ten resolutions were mere negations of Jacksonian policies, the new party did start with a ground plan of principles. The first formal platform pronouncement by the Democrats did not come until 1840, and consisted of but nine resolutions. These were not negative, but positive and constructive. It is well to remember that a political platform, now generally derided, was regarded in those days as a solemn pledge; and it is well to contrast the lucid brevity of that original document with the flatulent rhetoric of the 1928 Democratic outgiving. The first platform ran to about 500 words, so it may with profit be quoted here, that we may get into the record the upstanding principles which modern Democracy has abandoned:

Resolved, That the Federal Government is one of limited powers derived solely from the Constitution and the grants of power shown therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government, and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful Constitutional powers.

Resolved, That the Constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements.

Resolved, That the Constitution does not confer authority upon the Federal government, directly or indirectly, to assume the debts of the several States, contracted for local internal improvements, or other State purposes; nor would such assumption be just or expedient.

Resolved, That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interest of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen and every section of the country has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to complete and ample protection of person and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every branch of the government to enforce and practice the most rigid economy in conducting our public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the government.

Resolved, That Congress has no power to charter a United States Bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the Country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people.

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Resolved, That Congress has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists or others made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences, and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend to our political institutions.

Resolved, That the separation of the moneys of the government from banking institutions is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the government and the rights of the people.

Resolved, That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the Democratic faith; and every attempt to abridge the present privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of soil among us ought to be resisted with the same spirit which swept the Alien and Sedition laws from our statute-book.

Read this last paragraph in the light of a Democratic Administration during the World War, when merely to recite the Declaration of Independence with an air of seriousness laid one liable to internment; in the light of a censorship of the press at that time almost as severe as any imposed by the Alien and Sedition Act; in the light of an immigration law which closes the door of this "asylum for the oppressed"—a law for which Democratic Congressmen by the score lifted their voices; in the light of disfranchisement of negro citizens in the Democratic South.

And what has become of the strict constructionism affirmed in the earlier paragraphs? Has not Senator Borah become almost sole custodian of the principle? The Constitution looked to a separation of the governmental powers, executive, judicial and legislative; Democrats voted for and are now serving upon a congeries of "independent" bureaus, commissions, and boards which roll together two or all three of these functions, and which have erected at Washington an arrogant undemocratic bureaucracy. What becomes of strict constructionism in view of Federal contributions to schools and road-building in the States, supported heartily by Democrats? What has become of a tariff for revenue only in the light of the 1928 Democratic platform? "All of us are protectionists now." What has become of defiance of special rights for capitalism and industry in a party which has been handed over to Raskobs and Baruchs? What has become of the fight on a central United States Bank in the party which passed the Federal Reserve Act, setting up twelve central banks instead of one?

These are rhetorical questions, of course. All of us know what has become of those principles. They have gone into the limbo of neglected things. When Grover Cleveland was elected in 1884 he confessed that he was at the head of a party whose "cardinal principles" had been "relegated to the rear and expedience substituted in the hope of success." That was the naked truth then and the naked eye does not perceive any improvement since that day.

Henry Clay was the candidate who thrice led the Whigs to defeat. William Jennings Bryan thrice served as the stalking horse for the Democrats. The Whigs succeeded in electing William Henry Harrison in 1840 and Zachary Taylor in 1848. Both died in office. Un-

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der the quaint electoral system of that day, which made it possible for a President and Vice-President to hold quite different views, Tyler made the Administration Democratic when the Whig Harrison died. Well, when Grover Cleveland had a cancer of the mouth during his second Administration the fact was officially suppressed because, while Cleveland was a "sound money" man, Adlai E. Stevenson had Free Silver leanings, and it was thought better not to alarm the electorate in view of an impending panic. The facts about Cleveland's operations for the sarcoma were officially lied about for twenty years.

As for the Whig victory in 1848, it was achieved without a platform, and the party was so divided that it dared not face the slavery issue, even then more passionately debated than the tariff ever has been. The Democrats also evaded the slavery issue that year; but the Whig candidate, General Zachary Taylor of Louisiana, was a slave-owner. The timidity and straddling of the Whigs so disgusted Henry Wilson—subsequently Grant's vice-president—that he and his followers left the party and joined the Free Soilers, as one Democratic faction was then known: "Let the soil of our extensive domains," its leaders said, "be ever kept free for the hardy pioneers of our own land, and the oppressed and banished of other lands seeking homes and comfort and fields of enterprise in the New World."

Henry Wilson's defection was the beginning of a schism among the Whigs as disastrous as any factional fight among the Democrats since the Civil War. For the Whigs accepted Clay's compromise of 1850, and thus lost their Abolitionist element without gaining an iota of strength in the South. (What did the Democrats gain by the Tariff Compromise of 1928?) The Whigs were split into "Conscience Whigs," "Cotton Whigs," and "Silvergreys." And in 1852 an attempt was made to have the party endorse the fugitive slave law enacted two years earlier, which was fatal. In the election of that year they carried but four States and elected but seventy-one Congressmen of 234.

Clay's fatal compromise, which was to disrupt and destroy the party he had led three times to defeat, consisted of eight resolutions which are thus summarized in Stanwood's "History of the Presidency:"

> The admission of California as a free State;
> The new Territories to be organized without restriction as to slavery;
> The boundary to be established between Texas and New Mexico;
> The United States to pay the public debt of Texas;
> Slavery not to be abolished in the District of Columbia;
> The slave trade to be abolished in the district;
> A fugitive slave law to be passed;
> Congress to declare it had no power to interfere with the slave trade between the States.

In certain respects the careers of Clay and Bryan bear comparison.

The Whig convention of 1852, which nominated General Winfield Scott for President—apparently in the conviction that flag-waving and old-hero stuff were sure-fire hokum for the hustings—actually adopted a platform. The Democrats nominated Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, notable chiefly for his good looks and his conviviality; and under his expansive leadership they fairly crushed the Whigs. Many disgruntled members of that decaying party joined the notorious "Know-Nothings," who were animated by religious and racial prejudice against Irish Catholics and German-Americans.

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It may not be amiss here to take a look at the political force which focalized the Whigs as an opposition party. Arthur M. Schlesinger reminds us, in his "New Viewpoints in American History," that even to-day the phrase "Jacksonian Democracy" is largely misunderstood. "To the ordinary reader of history," he says, "the phrase refers to a violent change in American government and politics effected during the years from 1829 to 1837 by an irresponsible and erratic military chieftain at the head of the newly enfranchised and untutored masses. . . . Jackson himself was a product, rather than the creator, of the new democratic spirit, for he rode into power on a tide of forces that had been gathering strength for more than a decade and which he had done little or nothing to bring into being. It will appear that the new democracy was 'Jacksonian' only to the extent that Jackson stamped the political phase of the movement with the imprint of his personality, lending it certain picturesque characteristics and dramatic qualities."

It was the present Republican Party which crowded the Whigs out of existence; and between this party and the present Democratic Party, as Doctor Schlesinger observes, there is now "no basic disagreement . . . as to theory of government; nor does either party take issue with the existing economic organization of society. The difference between the parties is largely one of point of view, partly one of temperament."

The issues which had constituted the original Whig platform no longer interested the public by the time the new Republican Party was formed. On the new issues then engrossing the public the Whigs were too timorous to take a stand. How like the Democrats of to-day! They have abandoned the oldest issue in American politics, State rights, because they are afraid the electorate is not interested; they have abandoned the tariff stand, dictated by Southern planters who did not benefit from protective duties and did not want to pay high prices for manufactured commodities; they have learned their lesson about banking and currency; apparently the only Jacksonian policy which they espouse—along with their Republican enemies—is the spoils system. As late as 1860 there was a Constitutional Union Party which, at Baltimore, nominated a ticket composed of Bell and Everett; this was regarded as the last faint flicker of Whiggism. Can it be that the Democratic Party is headed somewhat in that direction?

That the Democratic Party has abdicated its post as leader in liberalism in this country is not the sole charge its disappointed partisans may bring against it. There are grounds upon which the abdication may be extenuated. The World War, prosperity, mass production, woman suffrage, each has been advanced as a factor in dimming liberal light; and there is the more persuasive argument that most of the causes for which progressive forces have labored have now been achieved. For the fiscal year ended last June 30, about two-thirds of the Federal expenses were paid by "the rich," that is, by income taxes derived from well-to-do or wealthy individuals and corporations. To make this tax possible a Constitutional amendment was required. A quarter of a century ago about half of the Federal income was derived from the tariff, and the better part of the remainder from internal revenue, levied chiefly on tobacco and intoxicants. The old passion against Wall Street ("the enemy country," Bryan called it), against the rail-

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roads and "predatory wealth," has greatly abated under a peaceful revolution by taxation. The editor of a liberal magazine which perished some two years ago complained that there was no longer an audience in this United States for that kind of publication. He had in mind, undoubtedly, the changed public temper about public issues.

It is as well to recall, in the circumstances, that the present Republican Party, at the outset, was a liberal if not a radical organization. Abraham Lincoln once charged a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court with conspiring to extend slavery into all the Territories, and William H. Seward declared there was "a higher law than the Constitution." Such were the fire-eaters the Republican Party once acknowledged as leaders, but neither of the major parties ever has enjoyed a monopoly of liberal or progressive impulses. William Howard Taft, leader and spokesman of the Republicans before he left the White House and became Chief Justice, tells us that "in the encouragement of the investment of capital we nearly transferred complete political control to those who controlled corporate wealth, and we were in danger of a plutocracy." Who shall say that our modern Democracy, reducing its campaign deficit by a round million dollars in six paltry months, is not aping a plutocracy? Who shall say that its tariff stand is other than a bid for plutocratic support?

The Republicans themselves appeared none too happy in attempting tariff revision of a sort to please both the manufacturers and Herbert Hoover, who seems to favor rates no higher than "Al" Smith advocated during the campaign. Against the tariff bill as it passed the House arose protests from more than a score of foreign nations, hundreds of daily newspapers (Republican as well as Democratic), and organizations both of farmers and other consumers. It was a pretty kettle of fish for the party which from its birth had been identified with sky-high "protection." If the Democrats, by some act of Providence, had won the election, it would have been an extremely ugly and unsavory kettle of fish.

The Democrats, that is to say, cannot rationalize their tariff stand as they do their scornful abandonment of liberal leadership. The posture of world affairs points unmistakably toward the continuous lowering, if not the abolishment, of trade barriers. How shall the United States, a creditor nation, eager, moreover, to enlarge the foreign market for its surplus production, collect its debts or receive payment for its goods if it builds a wall around its ocean ports? Both bills must be paid in commodities, gold or services. If we shut out the commodities by heavy duties, if gold is lacking and its transfer injudicious in view of the effect on international exchange, if our immigration law effectively curtails payment in services, how are the bills to be paid? President Hoover has shown by his public utterances that he realizes the importance of this query. That the party dedicated to a tariff for revenue only, and not for protection, should be blind to it, shows it to be as opportunist and shifty as were the Whigs when they would not face the slavery issue.

The Prohibition issue the Democratic Party is fondly supposed to have faced. The party's leader faced it in 1928, by his demand for modification of the law, but it is preposterous to pretend that the party faced it. Here is a Texas Representative in the House asserting on the floor that a "whiskey ring" led by "bosses of high finance" is trying to control

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the party. "More than three-fourths of the Democrats in this House," he cried, "voted for the Volstead Act and have, on every proper occasion, voted to sustain it; and in so doing represented a like proportion of their constituencies. To use the party as a liquor bloc would be a perversion and a degradation." He appealed to all "dissatisfied and sickened" Democrats to fight for the control of their party. And here is a North Carolina Senator, who helped valiantly to throw his State into the Hoover column during the 1928 election, denying with heat the soft impeachment that he has made peace with the multi-millionaire chairman of the national committee. And here is a midwest gum-shoe organizer, scurrying about the country trying to restore some semblance of peace among the warring Democratic factions. The Whigs, even after approving the Compromise of 1850, were never more divided than the Democrats of to-day.

Years ago Lindley M. Garrison, for three years Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War, suggested in an interview he gave me that there should be a party reorganization in this country along liberal and conservative lines. This was just after the World War, several years after Mr. Garrison had resigned his portfolio, but long before political thinkers had quite scrapped the notion of liberalism as a political force in the United States. There still lingered the memory of what hash Theodore Roosevelt's Progressives had made, at Armageddon, of the G. O. P. Despite the belittlers of liberalism, I recall that interview now with some speculation as to whether there might not be, even yet, a party of conservatism and "prosperity," waging war with those Democrats and Republicans who still remember Armageddon.

Speculation, of course, produces nothing more than a theory, and it is a condition which confronts the Democrats, to paraphrase a saying of one of their greatest presidents. Naïve optimists like Frank Kent, historian of the party, may say that its survival of so many defeats means it cannot be killed, just as Bert Leston Taylor used to say, fifteen years ago, that Lillian Russell was "indestructible." Both Miss Russell and B. L. T. have since gone to their reward. Political parties flourish frequently far longer than individuals, but they are not immune to decay and mortality. The symptoms of decay and dissolution are so pronounced to-day in our Democracy that any prognosis must find the necessity of a drastic major operation. The party stands before us like the Roman gladiator: *Moriturus, te salutamus!* Shall it be thumbs down?

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Three Seconds—Close!

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

The excitement of a submarine attack and the drama of the arrival of his own outfit in France is re-created by Major Curran from letters which he wrote home at the time. He was a member of the Seventy-seventh Division. This is another of the group of noteworthy high lights of the World War told by men who were there.

LAND! A glimmer of white cliff far ahead in the mist—England again! The old thrill takes hold of you anew, flicks you like the snap of a whip.

But in 1918 there was a little more to it. The lash of a submarine has a caress all its own, and on that 30th day of March the Irish Sea was fairly alive with them. One we saw in all her slimy ugliness as she came up; and then we nearly saw Davy Jones. If the old *St. Paul* had not been quite so quick—if she had been less alert by about three seconds—well!

The *St. Paul* has since gone on to the special heaven for good ships, but on that day she was slippery, strong, and alive, a twisting, dodging half-back of the seas, eight days out of New York and bound insistently for Liverpool with a job-lot cargo of soldiers, nurses, ammunition, corned willie, goldfish, doctors, telegraphers, and other warlike odds and ends, such as the advance-party of the Seventy-seventh Division—which was my own ticket to the show.

I must say that for looks she was awful. Her trim lines lost in a baffling camouflage of cold slaw and beet strips, she looked more like an agitated vegetable plate-luncheon than a ship. Still she came zigzagging shamelessly up toward Holyhead in the sunshine of the day before Easter, and presently steamed straight into a short chance between extinction by a German torpedo if she turned this way and similar extinction if she turned that way. With an instant to decide, with the certainty of an eyelash finish, with high hope and a flash of heels, she chose the sportier chance and went for it!

When it was over, I wrote home about it, and here is the wide-eyed little story of the affair, just as it got by the censor:

It doesn't seem real, as I sit here now at the window, with madame's lilacs and lilies-of-the-valley before me and the birds singing outside this sunny château in southern France so far from the front that I wonder if ever we will get there. But it seemed very real when it happened.

You must imagine me at sea, on a swift ship that had been ploughing her zigzag way across the Atlantic so successfully that she was now close in sight of shore, with never a submarine yet. The sun was shining that morning, too; and I had been looking over the shimmering waters at the shadowy cliffs that rose up sheer from the beach below, with here and there the white shaft of a lighthouse outlined against them, and far ahead the terraces of green fields that

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seemed to come down to the very water's edge. It all seemed very beautiful and homelike. That morning there were ships on the sea for the first time—only a few—but they changed the ocean from a desert to a market-place. Nearest by were the two destroyers, lean and gray, which had come prancing up to us the night before far out at sea, bobbed up and down in the waves like cavalrymen on rearing horses, then turned about and sped forward to be our advance-guard on the way in. There were trawlers too, a fishing-smack now and then, and, under the waves, the submarines we knew were there but could not see.

We had joked about submarines, off and on, all the way over; but this morning as we sped through their lair, they seemed to fascinate us, for we were all looking for periscopes and hoping to see one for our big guns to fire at. The destroyers on either flank would dart ahead or to one side, dropping their depth-bombs, and as we strolled about the deck in life-preservers, watching the sport, we were well aware of the swift and snaky course of our ship and the reason for it.

I had tired of watching and had gone to the stern of the ship, with pen and paper gathered up in my stateroom, to write you a last letter before we made shore. I found a handy table and sat down in great comfort to send you a line, just as I am doing at this moment. One of the senior officers came in and sat down with me, shifting his life-preserver to one side, and reminiscing, between puffs of his cigar, about incidents of the voyage. He looked down at his life-preserver after a pause and said musingly: "You know, I don't believe we need these things any more; nuisance—aren't they?"

"They certainly are," I said, "but this vest is pretty handy," pointing to the "shipwreck" vest you gave me, which then encircled my precious person.

"Ye-es. Well, I guess I'll leave you to your letter-writing. Hello! Did you hear that?"

We had both heard a soldier on deck shouting, "Hooray—there's a submarine!" as though he were crying, "Wolf!" to fool somebody.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Isn't it just like an American—all the way through a joke!"

We both laughed, and he went on, while I picked up my pen to begin writing again, and was just putting it to paper, when— Bang! bang! bang!! It was our guns—navy guns, mounted fore and aft on our own ship.

"Target-practice," I said inwardly, for we had had it the day before; but I was not quite sure, and a little bored because I didn't know and at being disturbed.

Bang! It was the aft gun right back of my head. "Sounds like something doing," I thought. I debated whether to pack up my portfolio and take it out on deck with me, with the consequent trouble of unpacking it again, or whether to leave it lying where it was. I decided on the latter—all of this much more quickly than it takes to tell—but the train of thought was amusing, under the circumstances. Then I went out on deck, a little faster as I got near the door, with a growing eagerness as it came over me that something real was going on and a growing anxiety lest I should miss it.

As I stepped out into the sunlight, I noticed first that every one was at the rail—soldiers, nurses, officers, civilians, and all—on one side of the ship. (I'll tell you which side when the war is over, just as I'll tell you then the name of the ship, and the "time and place.") They were all quiet, and all leaning out and

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looking down at the water and astern, with the most intense interest. It was like a close decision at home plate, or a flying tackle in an open field. No one said a word, but they all held their breath and looked with all their eyes. I ran to the rail, and, as I reached it, heard an "Ah!" of relief, an involuntary exclamation all along the line, as they shifted position, let their breath out again, and each turned to look at his neighbor.

"Where is it?" I asked the nearest soldier.

"Right there, sir," he answered, in a dreamy sort of way, pointing aft.

"You mean that streak on the water?" I said, as I pushed in to the rail and looked over.

"Yes, sir—you can see it—right there—just going by!"

"The devil it is!" I exclaimed, as I looked again. But this time I saw "it"—where it was "just going by"—the straight, foamy-white, clearly defined path of a torpedo on its way, a burrowing wake on the surface of the water as straight as the aisle of a church, running at right angles to the ship, with the near end apparently right under the overhang of our stern, but—"going by."

I looked at it, fascinated, for a second time. Yes, it was really going by.

But now— Bang! bang! bang!! It was the guns again, and we watched shot after shot hit the water, far away to one side and where the origin of that wake must be, each shell throwing up a mass of inky water as it hit. After every shot our soldiers would cheer the gunners—a wild yell of delight. And I could hear the words: "That's the stuff!" "Give it to him, you ——!" "Give'm another!" "Hooray!" "Soak 'im!"

The nurses were cheering, too—all on deck of a sunny morning, all happy, and all full now of a laughing enthusiasm, deluged with the excitement and fight of it all. I think it was partly relief from the strain, a roaring reaction from those tense, silent seconds before we knew the torpedo would really go by, but it was also a heartful of good American nerve and "pep," ready for a "fight or a frolic," and delighted at being in either one. They told me afterward that the stern gunner, whose range corrections come from the bridge by telephone or tube, couldn't hear a word because of the noise of the soldiers' cheering, although the officer on the bridge tried again and again to get word aft.

So there you have our little submarine attack, or, rather, the little that I saw of it. When the firing had stopped, everybody began to compare notes and there were many late-comers bundling up on deck who had to be told all about it—for it was over in a jiffy, and such of the ship's company as were not on deck at the moment missed most of the fun. And here is what happened.

We ran into a nest of submarines, and, while the destroyer on that flank was hunting one elsewhere, another one took a good look at us through her periscope, shot a torpedo at us, and then had the impudence to come up for a second to watch us blow up and sink! Her whole conning-tower appeared above water, then instantly submerged again like a porpoise. Meanwhile, our skipper had seen the torpedo coming straight at us. There were only two chances, and he took the sporty one. The torpedo, you see, had been launched far abeam of us, and was speeding diagonally toward a point straight ahead in our course where it would intercept us. The skipper could sheer away from the torpedo's course, so that if we sheered fast enough we should finally be running parallel to the torpedo when we approached that intended

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point of interception ahead—and thus escape being hit. That would be my way, I think; seems easier, and needs no geometry. But the skipper chose the other way. He turned us instantly toward the torpedo's path instead of away from it. He would cross this path a little way on, forsooth, but cross it ahead of the torpedo—just naturally cross the torpedo's bows if he could! So there we were, both of us, racing hot-foot for the vertex of the angle, to see if the ship could get to it first and cross the torpedo's bow—yo, ho!

So she turned—our good ship—in response to the lightning decision of the skipper, as gracefully as a fish turns its tail fin, and then she ran her great race. At the finish she tripped by that ugly torpedo burrowing at right angles toward her, with just a side glance and a slight lift of her skirt. As dainty and as daring a manœuvre as ever I could have imagined. The other move would have meant failure, as it turned out. So it was perhaps like football again—just a graceful dodge, and away we went, still bearing toward the other fellow's goal. We missed the torpedo by a dozen yards or so, which means about three seconds. And we carried a lot of ammunition, most of it stored under the place where I sat writing my letter to you just before Mr. Torpedo went by below, three seconds astern of our rudder. Close? No wonder Jerry came up to see the fun! He had just time to duck under again before our guns began to pepper him. Incidentally we set the Kaiser back $10,000. I think those torpedoes cost him that.

A curious phase of the demeanor of those on deck came to light when the torpedo was about a hundred yards away. I suppose the psychologists would call it a reflex action of some sort. It was at the moment when the ship and the torpedo were both speeding their best, at right angles to each other, and apparently toward a common point. Would we get there first and get by clear? It was so close, that race for the corner of the angle, that every one thought the torpedo was just going to ordinarily hit us, at right angles, plumb amidships, and blow us to smithereens. It looked so. But soldiers, nurses, and all were splendid in their quiet observation of the race. One or two moved quietly to their boats; the rest stood at a well-bred attention, ringside spectators of the sport, and careful to miss none of it. At the moment of greatest uncertainty, a few were seen to hitch up one leg slightly, as though to dodge a stone or stray croquet-ball that some one had sent rolling along the ground at us—a careful and unconscious hitching up of one leg. That was the only visible or audible sign of the nervous strain. Curious? I suppose Professor Ladd at Yale could tell us just why.

But one of the nurses, a pretty, little black-eyed thing, who had been the belle of the deck from the day we sailed, was seen to clench her little fists at that moment, as she exclaimed in a whisper of excitement: "Go it, ship! Go it!"

Down below an English aviator was reciting poetry to the purser. He finished one verse, to the booming of the guns, and noticed the startled face of the purser. "Oh, I say," he remonstrated, "I must give you the second verse!" Which he did, oblivious to all else, and then they both went up and out on deck, after the row was all over.

Also, below, was one of our majors who had brought along, at his wife's behest, a "non-sinkable suit"—a rubber contrivance that covers you from head to foot, black, bifurcated, with pockets for food and God knows what else, while you float amiably on the face of the waters, shipwrecked and alone, but hopeful

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of a rescue. Such is the theory. For two days the major had been the life of the deck, flopping up and down in his rubber-legged savior, waving his rubbered, fingerless hands up and down like a cordial seal. I think he had tired of his rôle, for, at the moment of the torpedo, he was below in his stateroom, busily engaged in packing up his matrimonial memento. The guns banged, and he paused in his packing. They banged again, and he responded by plunging defiantly once more into the packing. As the turmoil above ceased, he tucked in the last fold, snapped his grip together, and stood upright, emancipated, and triumphant. Now he could "sink to the bottom of the sea" in the simple uniform of a free and independent husband.

Then there was the colonel in his deck stateroom. As troop commander he had stayed up all night to order us about if we should be torpedoed, but had turned in at daylight, when the hazard of the confusion that darkness causes had passed. He slept a few hours, rose, and was in his bath when the guns let go at Jerry. He opened the port-hole and, standing inside in the tub in his naked majesty, with just his easy-going face showing through the round frame of the port-hole, inquired in a tone of mild interest: "What's all the noise about?"

"Submarine, sir," was the instant answer.

"Oh, very well—I'm all ready for a swim."

I suppose there was many another incident, such as that of the forward gunner, who was observed shaking his fist at the place where the submarine's conning-tower had disappeared under the water, and thus exhorting the enemy: "Come up, you ———! Aw, c'mup in the light and give us a shot at yer!" his rage growing with each word.

So! And I've written a long tale for a little submarine attack. One of thousands! But it was a hot race. Three seconds—close!

Having thus acquired the "freedom of the port," we got ashore at Liverpool, hurried over to France, and then, as is the way of such "advance-parties," drifted most pleasantly for weeks with nothing to do till our troops joined us and we were all trundled up to the front.

I say "troops," impersonally, but that is from shop-talk habit. They were more than "troops," infinitely more, and when my own outfit, my own men, came along it was a moment of reuniting that stands out as lastingly as any of the doings at the front. Of course, there was no such snappy melodrama as the Irish Sea had given me. Mud is not melodramatic. But—well, here is the way a scribbled account of it got home:

I wonder if I've told you how the battalion came into camp. It was so different from my peace-time visions of a column with flags flying and bands playing, marching through France on a sunny morning.

I saw them first in the railroad station, the big shed in the near-by city, where I had waited many hours for them. It was really weeks that I had been waiting, and wondering whether they would ever come to France at all. So you can imagine my tiptoe of expectation as I paced the platform and watched the other little trains go tooting in and out, each with its swirling assortment of French civilians and soldiers, some home on furlough and alighting eagerly, others on their way back to the day's work at the front and going about it as doggedly and industriously as they would to a factory before the war. It was all like a scene in a play. A railroad sta-

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tion in France to-day is a war story in itself, with every few minutes revealing in its true colors some new chapter in human life—for there is no self-consciousness in railroad stations. But it was midnight. I had had but a few hours' sleep the night before, and none the night before that, in my work of getting the camp ready, and I was intent on seeing my own men once more and oblivious of all else.

Finally the semaphore clicked, a red light showed, station hands and messengers began to move, and a moment later the long train rolled in. It was a queer sensation. There was not a sound nor a sign of life from the cars as they rolled by—just a long, dark string of freight-cars, inanimate, black, forbidding. On each, in white letters on the side, ran the legend "40 *hommes,* 8 *cheveaux.*" The brakes creaked, the wheels stopped, and the long, black thing lay there before me, silent as a ghost train—and that was the battalion! A dark finger pointing silently through the station and almost seeming to order me away! I felt rebuffed and dismayed, with a sinking sensation of disappointment taking hold of me.

Until, as loudly as I can write it, there came suddenly a yell from somewhere down the black line—a yell such as only a real Irishman, a wild Irishman, can give—a great roar of devil-may-care delight, of unashamed ecstasy. I looked, and there was the head of Hennessy, a captain, reaching far out and all of a quiver with the Irish excitement it harbored. I ran up and Hennessy jumped down and we fell on each other's neck in a crazy embrace, while I could almost weep for joy. Then other officers piled out, just awake from a jolting train nap without bed, and, between hand-shakes and rubbing of sleep from military eyes, the knot on the platform soon became a celebration. It was wonderful to see them all again. They had been on the road for days, over-crowded into small compartments—in passenger-cars, it's true, for officers—but they were dirty, unshaven—just "on their way!"

But the men in the freight-cars (it's forty men *or* eight horses—not both!) really worried me. Forty in each of those little black freight-boxes for days and nights was hard to believe. But it was so.

"Hennessy, take me to your cars, to some of the men I know," I said.

We walked down the platform till he stopped beside a car, rattled a door, and opened it. "Come out, some of you—the major's here!" he shouted. "Walsh, Snee, O'Brien—come out here!"

They tumbled out on the platform—they had all been awake—and I wanted to fall on their necks, too, but they came to "attention" with the snap and pride of a good soldier and saluted before I could make a move, even toward a hand-shake—so I saluted them in return, with all the "pep" I had, and it was all very military and formal. But their eyes looked volumes, and I knew they were soldiers, and with me. They looked fine as they stood there in a row—Walsh, a boxer, square and brawny—the dignified Michael Snee, tall, red-headed, a master with mules, and intolerant of familiarities from either mule or man—O'Brien, a canny, dependable, blue-eyed sergeant—and little Settle, who jumped down after them, a Kentucky jockey who is about four feet or so high, black-eyed, and a witch with a horse, besides being one of the best buglers in the battalion (he turns his face toward the sky to bugle, and the bugle seems almost as big as the bugler as it points upward).

So we talked together. Yes, forty men in a French box car is hard going—but

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they were as cheerful and uncomplaining as they were dirty and crowded. There is a two-foot horizontal slit for air, across the top of the door on each freight-car's side, and as I walked along the platform I could see a row of white faces peering out of the darkness behind the slit, like so many cattle en route. From some of the cars I heard, as I passed, exclamations of: "There's the major!" "There goes Major Curran—I tell you it *is* the major—I saw him!" And I'd wave back, feeling better every minute, and they'd grin foolishly in their friendliness, not knowing just what to do when an officer "waves"—for he doesn't, in the regulations!

In a moment the train pulled out and I went along with it, for my job was to guide the battalion into camp when we detrained. I got cheek by jowl with my captains, and we talked the rest of the night, as we switched and rumbled, here and there and to and fro, past the dark little villages and through the woods. They had had their submarine and I mine, and we had the battalion in common, and home; and our circle of five heads, close together under the dim blue light above, kept toll of the hours till dawn.

Then we detrained. And that is nothing but a jumble of men and luggage and motor-trucks feeling for each other in the dark of the woods—until finally the column formed, with the other battalion added; and the colonel at the head, tired and harassed, bellowed, "Forward—march!" and we moved out through the woods as daylight began to trickle dimly through the pines. The colonel led the column—a thousand of us, the men under rifles and heavy packs—and I on his left, as guide, and so we marched the silent miles into camp, between the dark green of the pines and under a leaden sky that held its rain, fortunately, until we were well in.

And that was how they came into France. A dirty, determined, quiet column, marching in with a fine discipline, as though they were going to work of a morning in New York.

An officer or two who saw us come in told me afterward what a splendid-looking column it was as we swung in through the big camp-gate—in good order, with springy step, and not a straggler—a professional appraisal. And when they finally halted and filed off, company after company, into the different company streets, I had hot coffee waiting for every one of them—we were the only outfit of the many who have marched in here in the early morning whose preparations included hot coffee. I look back on that with a personal pleasure, for it was my own little stunt, and the night's sleep I had given up to the arranging was richly rewarded as I watched the unslinging of packs and the weary gratitude on the dirty faces as the coffee disappeared within them. It was a night to remember, and I suppose it seems the more vivid to me because it is my own outfit; but I thought you would be interested in a glimpse of them as they came in.

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Washington and American Union

BY JOHN CORBIN

THE first strong impulse toward union is generally said to have been given by Franklin's Albany Plan of 1754. Extant records show that this was itself predicated upon Washington's experience of the effects of disunion in his youthful defeat at Fort Necessity, and that through life he was an insistent, even a visionary, advocate of trade routes to the west as chief means of keeping the country united. The study throws new light also upon the early history of transportation and upon young Washington's curiously bitter denunciation of his military superiors.

HISTORIANS of the Constitution may well consider a story sometimes told for its picturesque revelation of character. When Morgan's broad-shouldered riflemen arrived at Cambridge in fringed hunting-shirts and peg-top leggins, they became an object of derision to Glover's Marblehead fishermen, who gloried in bell trousers and the eighteenth-century equivalent of Charlie Chaplin coats. Virginia like an A and Massachusetts like the same inverted—there they stand, divided on a deep sectional issue. The men threw snowballs, then went at it with mittened fists. Unable to quell the "mutiny," Colonel Glover dashed to Headquarters. Washington strode to the horse ready saddled at his door and spurred to the camp. While some one was lowering the bars, the able fox-hunter leaped over them and threw himself into the thick of the Homeric fray. He seized two brawny Virginia riflemen by the throat, "keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them."

If it were reported that Washington used language, biographers would doubtless have made as much pother as over his explosion at Monmouth. Profanity seems somehow more important than a mere talking to. But folk interested in the genesis of the Constitution would give much to know with precisely what counsel he accompanied this deed. An approximation of it may be had by translating into the vernacular of a fox-hunting Virginia squire, thoroughly aroused, this passage from his orderly book, two days after his arrival at Cambridge: "The Troops of the several Colonies . . . are now the Troops of the United Provinces of North America; and it is to be hoped that all Distinctions of Colonies will be laid aside; so that one and the same Spirit may animate the whole, and the only Contest be, who shall render, on this great and trying occasion, the most essential Service to the great and common cause." The date is the 4th of July, 1775—Washington's Declaration of Union.

The first impulse toward union is generally said to have been given twenty years earlier, by Franklin's Albany Plan of 1754. But that plan was itself the direct result of events in which Washington was protagonist, and of an idea which, in his inarticulate yet graphic way, he most forcibly expressed. In the

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journal of his mission to the Ohio in the year before the Albany Plan, he noted that the French officers to whom he addressed himself, having "dosed themselves pretty plentifully" with wine, declared "That it was their absolute Design to take Possession of the *Ohio,* and by G— they would do it: For that, altho' they were sensible the *English* could raise two Men for their one; yet they knew their Motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any Undertaking by France." So it proved. Washington's defeat and disgrace at Fort Necessity in May, 1754, were fundamentally due to "motions" thus "slow and dilatory" —the lack of effective union. Troops from Maryland, New York, and the Carolinas failed to arrive, or, arriving, refused to submit to a united command. So long as he remained in their service he pleaded that the colonies "be brought to act in conjunction." The Albany conference, meeting a month after Washington's abandonment at Fort Necessity, used it as text for an enlightened reform in government. It failed, and Franklin eventually became lukewarm in the cause of a stronger union. But never for a moment did Washington relax his efforts, whether in his public or his private capacity.

Historians and biographers ignore the fact at best; at worst they portray Washington as a visionless reactionary, intent only upon safeguarding his personal interests. Let us consider his motives in all candor. His military reasons for desiring a more perfect union mingled with—had indeed been preceded by—personal financial reasons. In 1748, when he was sixteen, his elder brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, became charter members of the Ohio Company, which received a grant of 500,000 acres between the Kanawha and the Monongahela. When Braddock arrived, the company had already built posts for the lucrative Indian trade. Lawrence had been its chief manager. When he died, young George inherited large tracts; for his later services on the frontier he received thousands of acres more. If the French had made good their claims on the Western Waters, property rights and Indian trade would have vanished. A recent biographer has described Washington as of the banker type—a champion of strong and stable government as protecting vested interests. This description makes a vivid picture in the meanest modern mind; but there is one serious trouble with it. The banker, we know well, is apostle of cash in hand. Washington, though reputed one of the two richest men in America, seems all his life to have been in straits for ready money. As President-elect, he was obliged to borrow at interest to meet the expense of going to New York and setting up a home there.

If it is necessary to describe this far-off gentleman of the eighteenth century in terms familiar to the meanest modern mind, he must be called not a banker but a speculator—indeed, a promoter. His speculations were of the kind that can be made real only by enlisting other men and their money, by inducing legislatures to grant franchises and unite with one another in a common enterprise, even by influencing the executive.

Having conceded, however, that visions of private gain mingled with his visions of the future of the American people, one must add that visions of the future of the American people mingled with those of private gain. The two were so thoroughly blended that he feared always lest his motives be misjudged. Today a clear discrimination is perhaps impossible—except as to results. The great project on which his heart was set ended

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in serious losses to himself, to his private associates, to Maryland and Virginia, to the Treasury of the United States—a fiasco in some ways grotesque. But it ended also in establishing our many trade routes between the seaboard and the West, which were the foundation of our vast national prosperity. And it led to an achievement which he had perhaps more deeply at heart, a national union insuring national dignity and strength.

In this matter of a traffic route to the Ohio, Washington's conduct presents a problem which can be solved, I think, only by close study of his interest in American union. When Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne was planned, the Ohio Company used its influence in London to have the army march up the Potomac and down the Monongahela valleys. The result was a solid twelve-foot road to the company's trading-post and to Washington's many acres. Contemporaries attributed to the Virginians a merely selfish motive, and Parkman accepts this view. Three years later, when Forbes proceeded against Duquesne, he landed at Philadelphia and seemed inclined to march straight across Pennsylvania, thus abandoning Braddock's road. Washington protested eagerly, feverishly, bitterly. He declared always that his only motive was the general good. "It hath long been the luckless fate of Virginia to fall a victim to the views of her crafty neighbors, and yield her honest efforts to promote their common interests, at the expense of much blood and treasure! while openness and sincerity have governed her measures." But again a stubborn fact obtrudes. If Forbes were to cut a highway across Pennsylvania, uniting the eastern metropolis of Philadelphia with the predestined western metropolis of Pittsburgh, the Virginia-Maryland route of Washington's Ohio Company would have a serious and perhaps fatal rival.

The decision lay between General Forbes, who was delayed in the eastern part of the colony by illness, and Colonel Bouquet, who was in charge of the advance. Washington thought that both were unduly influenced by Pennsylvanians interested in monopolizing the trade of the Western Waters, and Hildreth sides with him. Modern research finds no evidence of this. Professor Archer B. Hulbert has ransacked the correspondence between Forbes and Bouquet, which is preserved in the British Museum and the Foreign Office. Forbes appears as a brave and honest Scotchman whose only thought is for the success of the expedition, Bouquet as a Swiss soldier of the highest type, able and disinterested. Both lent a willing ear to Washington's representations, weighed them carefully and kept an open mind till the hour of decision. The Pennsylvania route was forty miles shorter from the existing frontier. Up to that frontier the country was more thickly settled and richer in wagons, forage, and supplies, while beyond it meadow-grass was more abundant. Braddock's road wound through defiles, crossed and recrossed the headwaters of Potomac and Monongahela. After long hesitation Forbes chose the Pennsylvania route.

Yet Washington did have a case. Even as to the original choice of Braddock's route it is by no means certain that the imputations of Parkman are justified. The coasts of Virginia and Maryland abound in lordly roadsteads, and from the head of Virginia tide-water to Duquesne the distance is appreciably shorter than from Philadelphia. On the upper Potomac long stretches were available for the transportation of army stores by water. A practicable way to the fork of

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the Ohio (Pittsburgh) had long been known, and as early as 1754 something in the nature of a road had been made by Washington and his forlorn little army. In 1755 fords and defiles had not prevented Braddock's advance, though encumbered by the gigantic labors of construction. His road ran to within six miles of Duquesne and was solidly laid, wanting only minor repairs. On the rival route through Pennsylvania, the final stretches were rough and virtually unknown, having been used only by traders with pack-horses. As to the feasibility of a military road over the high Laurel Ridge in Pennsylvania, reports of scouting-parties were contradictory. At best a hundred miles had still to be cut, which could probably not be done before winter. And where Braddock had three thousand men Forbes had six—plus the warning of Braddock's mistake. In Washington's opinion, a vigorous advance along the old road would have ended the campaign in August.

His remonstrances are thoroughly in keeping with the abounding ardor of his temperament. Though a veteran in frontier warfare, his twenty-six years had not subdued the fires of youth. His rage at Forbes and Bouquet became highly vocal. "All is lost," he groaned; "all is lost indeed! Our enterprise is ruined and we shall be stopped at Laurel Hill this winter." He added sardonically "—but not to gather *laurels* (except the kind that cover the mountains)." On the face of things, this prediction was justified. Only "an accidental discovery of a new passage" made it possible to surmount Laurel Hill; and even so, with the onset of winter, a council of war actually decided "that it was not advisable to advance" beyond Loyal Hanna—some thirty miles short of the fort.

But there was something beneath the face of things. Forbes had reason to expect successes to the northward which would weaken the French and cause their Indian allies to abandon them. So it proved. Toward the end of a bleak November—after Frontenac had fallen —Forbes sent forth a detachment of 2,500 picked men without wagons or tents; and the few remaining French, less than 500, vanished down the Ohio. Where Braddock's army had been slaughtered with victory in its grasp, Forbes succeeded in the face of failure.

Amid all Washington's hot chafing, he recognized with characteristic candor that there might be factors in the situation of which he was not aware. Thanks to the unfailing respect with which his commanding officers treated him, no personal issue was involved. When one of his explosive letters came before them, they observed that "his behavior about the roads" was "no ways like a soldier" —and kept on consulting him. Yet his soul was roiled to the dregs, and he hurled his charges broadcast. The reverberations reached Sally Fairfax, in spite of her refusal of a correspondence, and prompted her bantering suggestion that once more he was about to resign—swayed by no military reasons but by the "animating prospect" of his marriage. She may well have couched a warning beneath her jest, for there seemed no depth to which rage would not drag him.

One letter, to Governor Fauquier, is liable to a construction darker than his most unsympathetic biographers have ventured to suggest. It was written in September and relates to Major Grant's brave but premature and disastrous foray against Duquesne with only 800 men—most of whom were slaughtered. We now know that Grant had volunteered and in fact pleaded to go, and that his defeat was his own fault; but Washing-

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ton wrote to the Governor of Virginia: "What [Grant was] to do there (unless to meet the fate he did) I can not certainly inform you. However, to get intelligence and annoy the enemy, was the ostensible plan." Something must be granted to the mood macabre; yet the idea was firmly fixed in his mind. He adds that, though one Major Lewis, a fellow Virginian reported among the slain, "chearfully went upon this enterprise," he had opposed it to the utmost until "he found there was no dissuading Colonel Bouquet." Doubtless Washington wrote in ignorance of the fact that Grant had volunteered; but that scarcely lessens the seriousness of his implied charge. Under "ostensible" cover, Bouquet had sent brave officers and 800 picked men "to meet the fate they did." Reading this letter, one has need to remember the almost superhuman patience and forbearance with which, during the Revolution, he treated his slinking enemies of the Conway Cabal.

That conduct so wry and violent had its sole origin in questions as to the fur trade, land values, and a profitable route to new settlements, no one has ventured to say. But the most sympathetic seem somehow to feel that where Braddock's road was concerned he thought primarily not as an American but as a Virginian and member of the Ohio Company. He and his associates had been first in the field and, at considerable expense, had explored routes, surveyed the wilderness, cut roads, and established trading posts. Now the British army seemed to be courting a second disaster in order to open a rival route through a province as sluggish in enterprise as it was jealous of Virginia. It must be noted, however, that in the very heat of his fury he was always mindful of the just claims of neighboring colonies. After the fall of Duquesne, when his hope for the Braddock road was lost forever, he urged that "commissioners" be appointed from one and all of them to frustrate "the sinister views of designing, selfish men" who would otherwise incite the governments to "undermine" one another. What he proposed was "a general system"—a phrase which he continued to use, with ever-expanding significance, through the Revolution and until the Constitution was adopted. The fact seems to be that, from early youth, he realized vividly the importance of the "backlands" to the cause of American union, and strove to bind them to the parent colonies by indissoluble bonds.

This idea, made familiar to us through Professor Turner's stimulating studies of the frontier, received its first philosophic statement from John Fiske in 1888—one hundred and thirty years after Washington, if our conjecture is warranted, had acted upon it. Fiske's backward glance perceived "germs of national sovereignty" in what he called our "folkland." Washington saw clearly what it portended that Carolinians were sifting into the Tennessee country, Virginians into that of West Virginia and Kentucky. Unless the mountains that barred them from the tide-waters could be spanned by a feasible route, these sturdy Americans would trade along the Mississippi with Spain, along the Great Lakes and the Saint Lawrence with England, and thus be lost to America. Throughout history, that had been the effect of mountain barriers. Thus far the situation is easily intelligible.

One point, equally clear to Washington, now presents difficulty. If the route was to compete effectively against the Mississippi and Saint Lawrence, it must be by water, or principally so. Already in 1758 he dreamed of a waterway as-

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cending and descending the Alleghanies? It does not seem likely; but, if it is so, it goes far toward explaining his rage against Forbes's all-land route.

As early as 1754 we find young Washington testing the value of water as against land for military transportation. Four years later, in June, 1758, Sir John Saint Clair, who was in touch with the Virginians, urged the route through Maryland linking up with Braddock's road, largely on the ground that it would make possible the use of the Potomac for transporting artillery and army stores, as it had done in the case of Braddock's expedition. Presumably that was among the considerations that had converted Sir John to the Virginia faction. In August, Washington, pleading with Bouquet, speaks of "the great advantage of water carriage this way, which certainly is immense, (as you will find by Dr. Ross's estimation that you shewed me)." He was already occupied with building flatboats.

How early Washington foresaw the importance of water transportation to national commerce and national union we can only guess. A letter written in 1780 shows a thorough grasp of the importance of the Potomac "channel" as a trade route to the "rising empire" beyond the mountains. After the Revolution, his commercial-political interest becomes manifest. "From Alexandria to the navigable waters of the Ohio, along a much frequented road used by wagons, is, according to the computed distance, two hundred miles. This land carriage, if the inland navigation of the Potomac should be effected, than which I think nothing easier, will be reduced to sixty miles as matters now stand; some say to forty, and others to twenty." Than which he thought nothing easier! Observing those torrential waters to-day, as they surge over sunken shelves of rock and among projecting tables and boulders, one gains a new sense of eighteenth-century speculation.

He now admits repeatedly that his project is inspired by "interested as well as political motives"; but it is equally evident that his inspiration is political as well as interested. So long as a national campaign for the expulsion of the French was at stake he trusted the world to believe—what Sally Fairfax pretended not to—that his preference for Braddock's road was caused by "my own Honor and the country's welfare." His commanding officers must certainly have believed it when they winked at his conduct "no ways like a soldier." In 1784 his holdings of land were greatly increased; it was the part of policy as well as of candor to admit a private interest.

Again and again during the Revolution he voiced his homesickness for Virginia; but, when peace brought a little leisure, it was not to Mount Vernon he went. For some reason, not very clear, his army posts on the Mohawk required inspection. Incidentally he explored the rival route of the Erie Canal. Money was scarcest of commodities; yet somehow, in conjunction with George Clinton, he bought some thousands of acres in New York that stood to be enriched by the tides of water-borne commerce. There was no trace of jealousy now. "The more communications are opened to it [the Western Country] the closer we bind that rising world (for indeed it may be so called) to our interests, and the greater strength we shall acquire by it."

Was this why he had so fumed and raged against Forbes's road? Time, the expositor, gives us at least a hint. So soon as he had laid down his command and put his affairs at Mount Vernon a little to rights, he packed his kit, including

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"hooks and lines," and set out with Doctor Craik and Bushrod Washington for the Alleghanies. His diary details his search for the best river route over the mountain barrier and his eager questionings of pioneers and traders he met. One obstacle was unmistakable. The most feasible routes from the Potomac to the Ohio lay down either the Cheat or the Youghiogheny to the Monongahela—through the corner of Pennsylvania.

Once again Washington was face to face with the curse of disunion. With Forbes's road open and operating between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania Legislature would not willingly permit the opening of a water route which would divert western traffic into the Potomac and build up on the Virginia tide-water at Alexandria a metropolis rivalling Philadelphia. Other things being equal, it would impose interstate taxes or refuse the franchise.

But other things were now far from equal, and Washington said so roundly. The explosive force of his anger is modulated by habits of control formed in the Revolution; but the fact remains that he confided to his diary one of his few verbal outbreaks—ending a silence that had endured since his bitter opposition to Forbes and Bouquet:

"Herein I differ. An application to this purpose [a waterway franchise through the corner of Pennsylvania] would, in my opinion, place the Legislature of that Commonwealth in a very delicate situation. That it would not be pleasing, I can readily conceive; but that they would refuse their consent I am by no means clear in. There is in that State, at least 100,000 Souls West of the Laurel hill, who are groaning under the inconvenience of a long land transportation. They are wishing, indeed looking, for an extension of inland Navigation; and if this cannot be made easy for them to Philadelphia—at any rate it must be lengthy—they will seek a Mart elsewhere; and none is so convenient as that which offers itself through Yohiogany or Cheat river. The certain consequence, therefore, of an attempt to restrain the Navigation of these Rivers, (so consonant with the interests of these people) or to impose any extra: duties upon the imports, or exports, to or from another State, would be a separation of the Western Settlers from the old and more interior government; toward which there is not wanting a disposition at this moment."

In other words, he threatens Pennsylvania with secession on her Western Waters. However angry the threat, it was by no means idle. Already "the Country of Kentucke about the Falls" of the Ohio was sending flour to New Orleans, for which "the Spaniards when pressed by want have given high prices." The English still held their old posts at Oswego, Niagara, Detroit; and, when they saw "their true interests," they would like nothing better than to wean our pioneers of the West from us by trade routes easily opened between the Great Lakes and the northern tributaries of the Ohio. But the Spaniards, "very impoliticly for themselves," were bent upon closing the mouth of the Mississippi, while the English were as yet thinking mainly of the fur trade. Here was "a combination of circumstances" which made "the present conjuncture more favorable than any other to fix the trade of the Western Country to our markets."

"No well informed Mind needs to be told how necessary it is to apply the cement of interest to bind all parts of it [our 'united territory'] together by one indissoluble band—particularly the middle States with the Country immediately back of them—for what ties, let me ask, should we have upon those people; and how entirely unconnected shod. we be with them, if the Spaniards on their right and Great Britain on their left, instead of throwing stumbling blocks in their way as they now do; should invite their trade and seek alliances with them? The Western Settlers—from my own observation—stand as it were on a pivot.

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> The touch of a feather would, almost, incline them any way. . . . The way to avoid both separation or a War, happily for us, is easy, and dictated by our clearest interest. It is to open a wide door, and make a smooth way for the produce of that Country to pass to our markets before the trade may get into another channel."

Here we find mirrored flawlessly the situation which, only two years later, caused both Kentucky and New England to tremble on the "pivot" and threaten secession, and which culminated in the "treason" of Aaron Burr.

Is it possible that in some measure Washington foresaw such dangers, at the time of Forbes's expedition, 1758? Already for five years he had had bitter personal experience of the need of union —of the efficiency of the single French Command, though far from its base, and the feebleness of the English colonies through disunion. Even then he was deeply interested in inland navigation to the back country. A waterway binding the new settlements to the old was an undertaking too great for the Ohio Company, even for Virginia unaided; and neighboring states were paralyzed by dulness of vision, by supineness, by narrow local jealousy. But the British army, by making Braddock's road the official highway to the west, and by developing and extending water transport, might powerfully promote colonial union. Yet for no good reason Forbes was spending invaluable time and vast sums of money on an all-land route which, for the present certainly, would check the development of the "wide" and "smooth" waterway of Washington's vision. On no other supposition can his petulant rancors of 1758 be brought into harmony with his manifest character.

His vision was now as realistically detailed as it was sweeping. He took Detroit as the predestined centre of the new "empire." The distance by "inland navigation" to Albany he reckoned as 783 miles, to New York 943 miles. To Philadelphia it was less than to either, 741 miles; but to the Virginia tide-water at Alexandria it was still less, 653 miles. A comparison between the feasibility of "navigation" over the Pennsylvania and the Virginia mountains was far beyond the geographic knowledge of the time; but he harbored no doubt that the Potomac route was as much better as it was shorter. It had, however, the great disadvantage that the feasible course, by the Monongahela and the Youghiogheny, passed through the corner of the rival state. The only route from Detroit to Alexandria "avoiding Pennsylvania" measured 799 miles—58 miles farther than to Philadelphia. Hence the outburst to which we owe a glimpse of his statesmanlike speculation.

One problem troubled though it did not dismay him, the problem of locks. Benjamin Franklin, whose practical common sense was not to be warped by any vision, had, in 1772, sent over from London a disquieting account of the attempt to canalize the beds of rivers, even of the gentle streams of the European plains. A "raging canal" had proved no joke. Floods burst the puny locks, raised mud bars across the channel. "Especially in Hilly Countries," Franklin wrote, "Rivers are ungovernable things." In America there was the vaster danger of ice-floes pounded against retaining walls by spring freshets. That Washington was familiar with these objections is evident in his letters. But an all-canal route was financially inconceivable. Even to make locks about the many steep rapids seemed to him impossible; for where they occur there are often sub-surface ledges, and the expense of blasting

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would be prohibitive. One locked canal he allowed perforce, about Great Falls just above Alexandria. At other falls he would make a channel and, on the ascending journey, haul the barges up by cable. But how would he contend against the many miles of rapid water? Listen and you shall hear of James Rumsey and his marvellous "mechanical discovery."

Rumsey—"Crazy Rumsey," as he was called on the Potomac—was an inventor, original and brilliant but now almost forgotten, who made a steamboat go before Fulton, before Fitch. Washington met him during his journey over the mountains in 1784, studied the model of a "mechanical" barge or battoe, witnessed a demonstration of its speed against running water, and wrote a whole-hearted "certificate" as to results. "I . . . do give it as my opinion (altho' I had little faith before) that he has discovered the Art of propelling Boats, by mechanism and small manual assistance, against rapid currents;—that the discovery is of vast importance—may be of the greatest usefulness in our inland navigation." The "works" were so simple that they "might be executed by the most common mechanics." As regards details, Washington was pledged to secrecy; but it is known that the barge operated by means of "setting-poles" such as punters use, which the "works" prodded ceaselessly against the river-bottom.

Professor Hulbert, in his scholarly and sympathetic study of the diary of this trip of 1784, tells us, but without his usual citation of authority, that these works were two cylinders, a boiler, pumps and pipes, and that they were made in Baltimore. Historians down to Channing assume that already Rumsey was employing steam. He did broach the idea, but Washington dismissed it with humorous incredulity as an "ebullition of his genius," and specifically denied that he used it in his model of 1784. And Professor Hulbert quite ignores the marvel that Washington does disclose. In one of his many letters advocating the Potomac project he says: "The small manual assistance, to which I alluded, was to be applied in still water and to the Steerage. The counteraction being proportioned to the action, it [the barge] must ascend a swift current faster than a gentle stream; and both with more ease than it can move through dead water. But in the first [a swift current] there may be, and no doubt is, a point beyond which it cannot go without involving consequences, which may be found insurmountable. Further than this I am not at liberty to explain myself." If steam was used, why this sluggishness in dead water? In spite of Washington's reserve, his explanation would seem to go rather far; for, manifestly, this so simple mechanism used the downrush of the water to propel the boat and its load upward. The fiercer the torrent, the faster the barge scrabbled over it—the "consequence" being an excessive, catastrophic speed! This mechanical water-skipper was a raging canal-boat, certainly. Counteraction being proportioned to action—why not?

Washington's belief in Rumsey's invention, steadfast as it was enthusiastic, deserves of us every possible effort toward comprehension. Let us connect each setting-pole with a paddle-wheel to be operated by the rapid water. When the poles were firmly fixed upon the river-bed, the boat would be stationary, and the water would have the same effect upon the paddles as the steam of a more modern side-wheeler—except that the force would be exerted into, and not out of, the craft. That is to say, the "swift current" would revolve the wheels. If

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this power were directed down the setting-pole like the thrust of a punter, it would jab the boat upward and forward. Then the poles would set again. The river-bed being uneven, however, and beset with projecting rock, the "counteraction" of the several poles would be very unequal. Even a man or two with hand-worked poles—Washington's "Steerage"—would probably not be able to keep the boat true in the channel. Among the Washington Papers in the Library of Congress is a letter from Rumsey of September 19, 1786, which confirms our conjecture and sadly describes those "consequences." Washington had been keenly alive to them, always insisting that he vouched for the success of the boat only in the conditions of the test he witnessed—a gentle, steady current and, presumably, an even bottom. But he was tremendously impressed—as, indeed, we are.

Was his beloved waterway over the mountains more practicable? In 1796 Tobias Lear wrote Jefferson a realistic description of its initial operations and predicted that when the canal about Great Falls was completed it would be on a paying basis. In 1802, three years after Washington's death, it actually declared a dividend of 5½ per cent. But, as Franklin had predicted in 1772, the canalized river proved difficult; and, in all pioneer enterprises, expenses far outran the estimate. The South as a whole was farm-minded and burdened with debt. Except Washington and the small band of those whom his enthusiasm converted, it had no real interest in commerce—nor, indeed, in American union. In 1823 the Potomac Company, long bankrupt, was officially declared so—giving way to the more hopeful project of a Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which itself met a similar fate.

The sad fact is that the signal advances toward traffic with the West were made by the commerce-minded States of the North. Under Washington's inspiration, New York pushed forward the Erie Canal. Pennsylvania dug canals along the Juniata to the east of the Alleghanies and along the Conemaugh to the west of them; then, in 1830, it bridged the gap between, steep and waterless with a portage railway thirty-six miles long. Stationary engines dragged the canal-boats up inclined planes and through a marvellous tunnel cut in the highest crest. Thus Pennsylvania repeated the victory of Forbes's road over Braddock's—and, incidentally, demonstrated the essential soundness of Washington's great idea. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company struggled on, though hope of securing traffic from Baltimore and Philadelphia was lost; but presently private funds and state aid were again exhausted. So great was the need of a route to Pittsburgh from the Potomac valley that the national government stepped in. Albert Gallatin worked ardently for this internal improvement. Delay followed delay; but in 1828 J. Q. Adams as President took off his coat to turn the first spade on the new construction amid multitudinous applause.

For some time, however, there had been a new portent on the horizon, the steam-railway. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company completed the 184 miles to Cumberland in 1850; but here, confronted by the high Alleghanies, and by the onrushing development of steam, this waterway wide and smooth gave up the ghost. By another striking coincidence, it happened at precisely the spot where Washington's regiment was stationed pending Forbes's decision against Braddock's road. Thus ended the dream of almost a century before.

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Historians attribute the fact that the "Federal City" was placed where it is to "a sordid real-estate transaction"—at best to a shrewd political bargain—by which Hamilton secured the assumption of the State debts. Washington's attitude toward the transaction is not of record; but any one who will read attentively his letter of 1798 to Sally Fairfax—his last letter to her—will find that, if he did not actively promote it, it seemed to him, to use a phrase of Hamlet's that flowed often from his pen, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Seeking to lure this gentlewoman of sixty-nine back to the beloved Belvoir, the gentleman of sixty-seven dwells on the progress lately made in solid growth and prosperity by their little neighboring metropolis of Alexandria. These, he says, are the result of "opening the inland navigation of the Potomac River," the bed of which is "now cleared to Fort Cumberland, upwards of two hundred miles." That is a matter which they must have discussed often in their youth. But the consummation bids fair to surpass their devoutest wishes. The national capital (as to the name of which he is silent) is to be placed "between Alexandria and Georgetown on the Maryland side of the river"; and he predicts that, "a century hence," it will be "a city, though not as large as London, yet of a magnitude inferior to few others in Europe." Thanks to his waterway, our national capital was to be New York and Washington rolled into one. But his creative spirit was still troubled by the ancient fear. Such a thing could happen only "if this country keeps united."

As patriot and statesman, Washington rises into altitudes which are difficult for any mind to scale, and which are largely veiled in his habitual reticence. He draws appreciably nearer to us in the two great loves of his lifetime, beautiful and forlorn, the one for Sally Fairfax and the other for his waterway wide and smooth over the Alleghany Mountains.

Rebels

By Marion Canby

There's an arrow racing up-stream, brilliant with feathers,
At its head a swift stone;
There's a comet breasting the eddies that own
The sky. There's a spirit within me—and who was it taught her
To fly against fate?—
Of love or of hate,
Or perhaps of the two,
That flings against truth when truth is too true!—
God, poor God, what can you do
When headlong water,
And I, and the sky
Will not run straight in your sunniest weathers?

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The Human Side of the Supreme Court

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

The drama and the humor which often pervade the chamber where sit the most powerful group of men in the government, men who are after all very human.

After the hour of noon on almost any week-day, between October and June, a long line of people in single file may be observed waiting patiently outside a door in the main corridor of the Capitol at Washington. As one or more persons emerge from that door, as many are permitted to enter. A single dignified doorkeeper is on guard there and one uniformed police officer politely but firmly keeps the expectant sightseers from blocking the passageway.

Within sits the Supreme Court of the United States, a group of men whom we like to regard as the most august body of jurists in the world. Certainly in many respects it is the most powerful group of men functioning officially under our own or any other government. For any five of these nine men may determine what is and what is not law under the American Constitution. They may vitiate any Act of Congress and may lay down a rule of conduct for the President himself.

At last Congress is about to install this court of last resort in a great and imposing Temple of Justice. The plans are drawn and the money is authorized. It is to occupy a site near the Library of Congress and is to complete the group of great governmental structures on Capitol Hill of which the Capitol itself is the centrepiece.

Many times in the past masterpieces of architecture were conceived in the hope of tempting the jurists. These were spread alluringly before the court, but until now, without beguiling effect. The learned justices had no ambition to sit under a gilded dome, to deliberate in palatial chambers or to surround themselves with ornate trappings. They vetoed every move to legislate them into quarters more in keeping with the part they play in the Government of the Republic, and more befitting the vast and vital interests with which they deal.

The court was content, and perhaps if the truth be known, it is still content to occupy the historic chamber originally set aside for the United States Senate, a chamber which in the earlier days echoed the orations of Webster, of Benton, of Clay, of Hayne, of Crittenden, of Calhoun and a host of other giants of the "Golden Age."

It was content to pronounce its solemn judgments in a court-room no larger than that of an ordinary police magistrate. It was content to face an audience of a hundred people when it might have had space to accommodate a thousand. It was content to hold its secret conferences in an unadorned little basement room next to the Senate barber shop.

And yet this court sits in judgment—judgment from which there is no ap-

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peal—upon cases of life and death, upon cases involving the liberty of their countrymen, upon controversies between the States of the Union and upon cases affecting the highest interests of individuals, corporations, of communities, of municipalities and of the nation as a whole.

Most of the cases involve property rights, it is true, but rights which often concern almost incalculable wealth. There were the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases, for example, with hundreds of millions of dollars at stake, and there is the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railroad case recently decided and often described as the "greatest lawsuit in the history of the world," affecting literally billions of dollars of railroad assets.

The processes of this court are accompanied by no trumpeting whatever. The ceremony of its sessions is simplicity itself. At noon two cords are drawn across the Capitol corridor. A guard stands at either side. A door opens and the justices march slowly from their robing-room, clad in the dark gowns of their office, to the chamber of the court.

The Chief Justice leads the column. Arriving at their seats—and as they arrive all occupants of the chamber rise—the jurists remain standing until the court crier's ancient: "Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business with the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give attention, for the Supreme Court is now sitting. God save the United States and the Supreme Court!" is concluded.

Except for the presence of the nine black-robed men upon the bench, each having attained the highest station to which an American lawyer may aspire, and except for the consciousness of the power which the government has confided to them, the Supreme Court in ordinary session would be a disappointing show.

And yet there are occasions when the atmosphere of the Supreme Court is electrified with suppressed excitement; when those within hearing of the bench hang almost breathlessly upon every sentence, every word, yes, every syllable that is uttered by the spokesman of the court; when men lean forward tense and eager to catch the meaning of a given declaration; when smiles of triumph and infinite relief pass over the countenances of one group of litigants, while defeat and despair are read in the faces of an opposing group.

On such occasions, as, for example, when the vitally important antitrust decisions were made, correspondents, as a jurist concludes, dash madly from the chamber to flash to the four ends of the country the fateful news contained in an opinion of this ultimate court.

These scenes, really dramatic in their staging, are enacted over and over on decision days, that is, on those Monday afternoons when judgment is pronounced by a tribunal whose word is final under our system of jurisprudence.

Once in a while the court contributes directly to the drama that is enacted at such times. Observers will long remember, for example, a dissenting opinion delivered by the late Associate Justice Harlan in an antitrust case. That old Roman turned savagely upon his colleagues and, with voice pitched high, his sunken eyes flashing fire, and his long, lean arm thrust forward, he declared to his sorrow that he had lived to see the court reverse itself twice upon the same issue.

Other observers will recall vividly some of the opinions delivered by the late Chief Justice White, without manu-

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script and without notes, when he half rose from his seat as he drove home with impetuous gesture the high points of an all-important decision.

Then, again, this austere court occasionally relaxes. It takes an intellectual holiday, so to speak. After all, it is composed of nine very human beings with a perfectly natural taste for a mixture of the lighter things of life along with its stern realities.

These men may go for weeks or even for months with a rigid bearing toward the world, gravely concerning themselves with the profoundly serious affairs of the nation, then all at once unbend. They will take an hour or an afternoon off, enjoying themselves as much as a group of schoolboys playing hooky.

A striking instance of this was staged some years ago while the court was engaged in the hearing of the Owl Lake case, involving the disposition of certain swamp lands. Now it is not often that an attorney appearing before this tribunal has the courage to entertain the judges with humor or essay a bit of levity.

But upon this occasion, however, the late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, upon a signal from the bench, amused the court in a fashion that lawyers and attendants still talk about.

Senator Dolliver appeared with other counsel, not with the slightest idea of participating, but merely to listen to the argument of his associates. Toward the end of the proceeding, Associate Justice Harlan, an old friend and admirer of the Senator, summoned a page and sent a note down to him which read:

"It is the unanimous opinion of the court that the case is lost unless you present an argument."

Dolliver arose. He knew practically nothing either about the merits or the law of the case and he had only finished a sentence or two when Justice Harlan broke in with:

"Just how does the decision in the case of Smith vs. Jones apply to this case?"

And Mr. Harlan had barely finished when the then Associate Justice White fired another question.

Dolliver ran his eye over the court, then resumed:

"That reminds me," he said, in his inimitable fashion, "of the days when I was a boy up in the hills of West Virginia." And he proceeded to tell a story that convulsed the whole court-room with laughter.

Then came another question from the bench and Dolliver proceeded:

"That reminds me of the time when I was a young fellow out in Iowa." That was followed by another highly entertaining story.

This play between the bench and the bar continued for nearly an hour, never getting within a mile of the law points involved in the case and neither party to the business caring a rap whether it did or didn't.

A favorite practice of the court when it is weary or bored is to put the freshmen of the bar—that is, the younger members who are perhaps making their initial argument before that body—through a mild hazing process. It is a trying ordeal for an attorney to appear before this body for the first time even under the most favorable circumstances. But when the bench persists in interrupting him, he is calculated, nine times out of ten to go straight into the air.

It is the habit of Associate Justice Holmes, at such times, to allow the young lawyer to get fairly under way with his argument, then, leaning far over the bench and shooting an arm and

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an extended forefinger at the attorney, ask him a question about a point of law which counsel probably never heard of in his life. Such interrogatories are baffling enough in the case of seasoned practitioners, and they almost invariably throw the newcomer off the track.

Chief Justice Taft, although the most amiable of men, has a particularly disconcerting way of exploding a question under a lawyer before the court. "What I want to know," he will begin, and then will come a heavy charge from the bench that often takes counsel completely off his feet.

Not so very long ago there appeared before the Supreme Court, however, an attorney who refused to be fazed by the volley of questions hurled at him from the bench. He had a poor case, and probably knew it as well as anybody, but he was determined to put up the best fight that was in him for his client. He had just started with his argument when the Chief Justice opened on him:

"Does not counsel know," the jurist said, with evident irritation, "that the court settled that issue in the case of Brown vs. Brown?"

The attorney dodged as skilfully as he could and proceeded. A moment later Associate Justice Day stopped him abruptly with this:

"Surely counsel must be aware that the point he has just made is contrary to the court's ruling in the case of Johnson vs. Johnson!"

Once more counsel side-stepped and sought to go on when Associate Justice Van Devanter broke in:

"Is it not apparent to counsel that he is wasting the time of the court, dwelling upon a matter about which there is no judicial difference of opinion?"

One after another of the jurists frowningly, not to say furiously, challenged the points made by the attorney, until eight of the nine had clearly indicated that they were not only out of patience with him, but were virtually prepared to decide against him without leaving the bench.

As the eighth member of the court concluded a sharp question the lawyer, unabashed, and smilingly fixing his eyes upon Associate Justice Holmes, who alone had remained silent, said:

"Counsel cannot fail to observe that there is still one member of the court who seems to have reserved his judgment upon this case!"

The late Chief Justice White was perhaps the most thorough interrogator of counsel among his generation of Supreme Court justices, and in that connection a somewhat amusing circumstance might be cited.

It was the fixed habit of the Chief Justice to sit during the course of an argument with his eyes closed and with his head thrown back on his chair. To the casual observer he seemed sound asleep. This often proved exceedingly embarrassing and disturbing to lawyers, who felt that they were addressing a man whom they had not only failed to impress, but whom they could not even keep awake.

However, the venerable jurist never failed, at some stage of the argument, to open his eyes, lean forward, and propound a question summing up practically everything the speaker had said from first to last. That was intended to show the pleader that, after all, his argument had not fallen upon deaf ears.

A judge of a lower court once asked the late Chief Justice why the latter appeared to sleep upon the bench, when as a matter of fact he was wide awake all the time. The answer was that by a curious freak of mind the Chief Justice

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had formed the habit of watching the mouths of lawyers in action while they were making their arguments.

He unconsciously became so absorbed, he said, in the facial expressions of the men before him that he lost the thread of the argument. In order, therefore, to do full justice to every cause pleaded before him, the Chief Justice found it necessary to close his eyes and shut from his mind the grotesque picture of the human mouth before him.

Off the bench this same inflexible judge was one of the most delightful of men, courtly in manner, charming in his bearing toward others and withal famous for his wit. A few months before his death the Chief Justice was approached one morning by Judge Timothy T. Ansberry, former member of Congress from Ohio and then engaged in the practice of law in Washington.

"Good morning, Mr. Chief Justice," said Judge Ansberry.

"Good morning," was the response; but, not recognizing Ansberry, the Chief Justice added cautiously: "Is it possible that I have forgotten your name?"

"It's Ansberry," was the answer.

"Oh, yes, my dear Ansberry," the jurist put in hastily. "You must excuse me for not recognizing you instantly. You know the cataracts are forming over my eyes and I do not see as well as I did."

"But," said Ansberry, "I notice that the cataracts you speak of do not prevent your seeing the deficiencies in my arguments before your court."

Smiling broadly, the distinguished old judge laid a hand on Ansberry's shoulder saying:

"No, my dear Ansberry, a blind man could see them."

It is related that a few years ago an audacious lawyer from Iowa did the unprecedented thing of stopping the Supreme Court as it was about to leave the bench at the usual hour of four-thirty in the afternoon. This was B. F. Salinger, widely and favorably known in his State.

Salinger, it seems, was before the court for the first time, but refused to be flustered or awed or tangled up. When the hour for adjournment came, the court arose.

"Wait!" thundered Salinger.

The justices and the court attachés looked about in amazement. Never before had any of them witnessed such impudence.

"Wait until I have finished my argument," commanded the attorney.

Somehow the court sank back into its seats, wondering what to expect next from this bold individual. Salinger a few moments later concluded, then bowing appreciatively, added:

"Now, your honors, I have finished and you may retire."

The processes of the court in arriving at its conclusions are as simple as its procedure in open session. On Saturdays it is the custom of the members to go into conference. This is always an executive session, of course. Even court attendants are barred.

The court retires to its modest quarters in the basement of the Capitol and, removed from the scenes of strife, it decides what disposition it will make of the great and small issues presented to it for adjudication.

The Chief Justice presides, as in open court, and taking up a given case, he polls his associates beginning invariably with the junior member, then proceeding along the line to the senior. Finally, the Chief Justice himself votes. The question is always upon affirming or reversing the judgment of the lower court.

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When a majority have agreed upon a conclusion, the Chief Justice assigns the case to one member of the court who is directed to prepare the opinion. This opinion is duly prepared, sent to the Public Printer, and returned in the form of nine galley proof-sheets. On the wide margins of these proofs, each Justice makes his notations, his criticisms and his suggestions.

The proofs are then collected and handed to the jurist who has written the opinion. If agreeable to him the views of his associates are assimilated and incorporated in the opinion. If not, they are debated by the court and adopted or thrown out, as the majority may determine. Eventually the court becomes a unit, sometimes unanimously, sometimes by a majority only. Thereafter the opinion becomes the verdict of the court and is formally announced.

It is not absolutely necessary for the prevailing majority of the court to consist of as many as five members. Four may be regarded as a majority for the purpose of arriving at a decision. For example, one or more justices of the court may have been associated with the litigation in question prior to their elevation to the bench. And while it is legally possible for them to participate in a decision, no one with preconceptions of a case has felt free to rule upon it as a judge.

The utmost care is taken by the court to guard against premature information as to its conclusions in any litigation before it. The justices themselves hold their conference findings inviolate. They confide nothing to court attendants. Only their confidential secretaries and one foreman of the Government Printing Office are privy to the secrets of the Supreme Court.

When an opinion has been finally revised it is despatched to the printer. In order that the compositor who sets the type of an opinion may not know the results of the court's deliberation, the foreman, who is known to be absolutely trustworthy, sets the last few lines himself, locks them in a safe, and when the other is completed, he adds his own contribution and forwards the whole document to the Chief Justice under lock and key.

Only once in modern times has the confidence of the Supreme Court been abused, so far as known. The secretary of one of the associate justices, it was found, conspired with two confederates to make improper use of information in his possession regarding a court opinion. The three men were indicted in the District of Columbia. In this case the "leak" was relatively unimportant, those taking advantage of it having made only a small amount of money in the speculative market.

Old practitioners before the Supreme Court have repeatedly sought to gain some inkling of the court's mind upon a given proposition by the character of the questions which are propounded from the bench.

A particularly close observer may succeed in a measure in detecting the inclination of an individual jurist upon a given issue, but it is very difficult for any one to size up a majority of the court. Questions from the bench as a rule are put so adroitly and so impartially that no safe clew is afforded as to the future conclusions of the questioner.

An interesting circumstance might be related in this connection, showing how far wrong the bar may go in speculating upon a decision of the Supreme Court. The Volstead Prohibition Enforcement Act had been challenged be-

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fore this tribunal as unconstitutional. Even the Eighteenth Amendment itself, under which the Volstead Act was passed, had been assailed as being improperly ratified.

Eminent counsel had appeared on both sides of this tremendously important case. The court had considered it most carefully. It had been exhaustively argued and voluminous briefs had been filed by all parties at interest. A long period had been consumed by the court in conference upon the issue, then out of a clear sky came a request that counsel reargue the case.

During the reargument the court put question after question to counsel, and the indication was clear that the jurists entertained the gravest doubts as to the constitutionality of the Volstead Act.

The lawyers on the antiprohibition side felt they could not possibly be mistaken as to the leaning of the court and when at last the jurists took the case again under advisement these attorneys were in high spirits.

Even counsel for the prohibitionists were obviously depressed. All of us who were in court at the time sensed this. It seemed that the tide was surely against them. Monday after Monday passed without word from the bench.

Finally the *day* arrived. Both the prohibitionist and the antiprohibitionist counsel were in attendance and in force. Somehow the court attendants learned that the decision was to come down and some of them were so convinced of the result that they covertly congratulated the attorneys for the wets while the court itself was ascending the bench.

Then came the decision. It was a complete and sweeping victory for the drys. Every earlier calculation had miscarried. Counsel had totally misinterpreted the significance of the questions asked and no more discomfited and disconsolate group of men ever listened to an opinion of the Supreme Court than the lawyers, headed by Elihu Root himself, who had made and lost the wet fight.

Canfield

By Mary Willis Shuey

Her years are just a deck of pasteboard cards
That she keeps playing over, solitaire,
Just fifty-two small, lifeless paper bits,
Now somewhat limp and frayed from years of wear.

She has played them out so many, many times!
She shuffles them with hands blue-veined and thin,
Plays seasons four in even, tidy heaps:
The old, lone game that women never win.

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Blue Sky

BY WALTER GILKYSON

"BLUE sky, smiling at me, nothing but blue sky do I see." The pianist's shoulders shook up and down, marking an inner rhythm that beat through the wail of the saxophone and the shuffle of dancing feet. The dancers were turning below him in a square of powdery light; the room was dark, noisy, and hot, thick with perfume and smoke. It was nearly closing time, but the tables were full. This morning two American ships had put in at Toulon, and the Café Verdun was doing well.

The music stopped and the lights went on. The noise of talk scattered through the room, and the square of dancers broke up, spread around the tables. Women squeezed their way behind chairs, swinging their little bags. French and American officers were seated together, and red, white, and blue bunting hung down in loops from the wall. The doorway into the bar was crowded, and beyond the heads the pianist could see the long legs of the women seated at the bar.

He looked around restlessly, as if he were expecting to see something he didn't want to see. Then his glance stopped short. At the table below him a woman was seated, alone, staring up, as if she had been waiting for him to look at her. He nodded, but she didn't move. There was something reproachful, malignant, in her steady stare. The gold of her arms and breast shone flatly in the harsh overhead light, and her rings sparkled as her fingers closed round her glass. The noise of the room left her untouched, apart, a small figure in green, with black eyes, staring up.

The music began and she sat in the semidarkness watching his moving shoulders. Once he turned to speak to the violinist. His coat was too small, and when he bent over, it rose up at the collar. She could see his profile now, his snub nose and wavy hair. He looked young and tired, and he had a trick of throwing his head back suddenly as he played.

When the dancing stopped, the party at the table next to her left. A waiter began clearing up behind them. In a moment two men crossed the floor and sat down at the table.

"Cognac," one of them said to the waiter. "Three Star." He held up three fingers. "They understand that." He undid his vest, stretched back his big shoulders, and looked around. "See 'em better from here, Jim," he said.

"Yes." His companion's eyes glittered behind his spectacles. "Liquor and the study of humankind go together," he pronounced sententiously. "It ain't economic, though. An' economics is the well-spring of our nation. Humanity is man's first aid to business." His thin face grew thoughtful and he looked over the room. "Man's first aid to business," he muttered. "I said that first in nineteen-and-nineteen."

"Yes, you did, Jim," the big man answered. He nodded gravely. "That was

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an editorial that pleased well. It pleased well." He turned half-way round. "They're fat and darkish here; after Paris, I should say." His large, innocent face was gravely judicial. "An' our boys in blue at the tables an' Old Glory upon the walls. It's a good sight. A sight to take home." He poured out a drink. "That young man can beat the box, too." He thrust a forefinger at the pianist.

Jim didn't answer. He was looking at the woman seated below the pianist. "I was wonderin' what she was," he said; "that lady over there. I suppose she might be an Algerian."

Clayt surveyed her. "I dunno," he said. "They're all darkish, down here on the Riveyera. Now, an Algerian woman, I should say—" He smoothed his chin solemnly.

The woman turned round and smiled. Then she leaned over and tucked her green stocking about her garter. Both the men looked away. The big man sighed. "I dunno," he whispered across the table. "She looks to me as if she had some kind o' colored blood."

"Maybe," said Jim. He was watching the pianist. "That's an American boy, Clayt," he said. "I can tell by the way he plays."

"Yes," Clayt said. "You were always a close observer, Jim." He was looking at the woman, whose back was turned. "There'd be a difference between Algerian an' colored, I should say, wouldn't you, Jim?"

Jim nodded. He took another drink. The woman had turned around again. "I don't dare to smile at her," the big man murmured. "She might come over and sit down."

"Well, what harm would that do?" said Jim. "You ain't goin' home with her?"

"Not if I know it!" the big man exclaimed devoutly. "You know me, Jim!"

The woman rose, a small, impudent figure in a great silk sash, and shuffled across to the table. "You boys been up to the convention?" she asked.

Clayt nodded. Then he stumbled to his feet. "Take a seat, ma'am," he said.

She sat down, and he waved his napkin at the waiter. "Another glass," he commanded, holding up one finger. "Been summerin' on the Riveyera, ma'am?" he asked. He looked a little frightened and his blue eyes kept moving away.

"Yes," she said. Her voice was low and rough and her eyes shone darkly under heavy lids. "I been summerin' with a show in this God-forsaken country. 'Bottomland.' From Broadway. All New York girls. We broke up in Cannes an' I come on here with a friend. In two weeks my friend's comin' back an' take me to Paris. You boys been up to the American Legion Convention?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Clayt. "Shall I pour it?" He held the bottle over the glass.

"You might," she said. "You've got a nice hand for such little things. I'll bet you had a good time in Paris without the wife. So did that little fellow." She tapped Jim on the fingers. "I'd like to seen the parade myself. They say Jimmie Walker was there and two hundred of New York's best."

"They were," said Clayt. "An' twenty thousand more." His eyes shone. "You should have seen it. How!" He held up his glass.

"You're a dancer, I take it," said Jim complacently, cocking his head to one side.

"You both take it and have it, Freddie, in your own little way," she said;

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"I am. I'm Genevieve Lamont." She yawned, lifted her hands to her black, close-rippled hair, and pushed in her comb. "You gentlemen bankers from Pittsburgh? You look prosperous."

Clayt laughed. "He's an editor," he said proudly, pointing to his friend. "James Brack, editor of the Peoria *Herald*. An' a captain of infantry who's seen service in France."

"My!" She turned around. "Newspapermen are my buddies, Jim. An' you? What do you do, when you're not deceiving your wife?"

"Me?" Clayt laughed again. "I'm president of the Clayton Jasper Plumbing Company. General business." He cleared his throat. "All over the State."

"An' a major," broke in Jim.

"On the staff, Jim." Clayt shook his head. "Only on the staff."

"Well, you're safe there, so why worry?" the girl said. She poured out another drink. "I'm not much for glory." She scowled and put down the glass. "I've heard too much about it here lately, an' I'm off."

Neither man spoke and Clayt looked away.

"That boy plays nicely," said Jim. "Is he an American?"

"He!" Her black eyes gleamed viciously. "Yes, he's an American. He's a down-an'-outer I picked up myself here in Toulon not two weeks ago. Flat!" She spread out her hands. "I bought him the clothes he has on. I saw him one night down along the wharf when I was goin' to Michel's. Leanin' by a post, lookin' down at the water. He walked along front of me and I saw his face. 'That's an American,' I says, an' I took him along. Took him home with me and got him his job." She turned on Clayt, her face like a negro war-mask. "Got him his job, I say! An' what d' y' think!" Her voice rose savagely. "The skunk up an' left me! Left me a week ago. Spent all night marching up an' down sayin' he'd been a soldier, been a man once, and, by God! he was goin' to be one again. His buddies was up there marchin' in Paris. His buddies!" She laughed shrilly. "An' I bought him the clothes he has on!"

Jim stared at her behind his spectacles. "That's quite surprising," he said. He turned and surveyed the pianist. "I've known cases like that."

Clayt moved his head as if something hurt him. "Poor boy," he said.

"Poor hell!" she snarled back at him. "He's rotten, you mean! I should 'a' let him drown!" Her nostrils twitched and her heavy scarlet lip protruded. "Not that it makes any difference to me. He'd nothing to give me. I'm taken care of. Only"—she took up her glass sullenly—"he left me before I was through."

Clayt sighed. He was sitting as far away from her as he could, on the edge of his chair. "He seems like a nice boy," he said, after a moment. "I should say he's had bad luck."

The girl stared at him. No one spoke. Then she got up.

"Much obliged, gentlemen," she said.

Clayt nodded politely. "You're welcome," he said.

As she reached her table Clayt leaned over trying to catch sight of the pianist's face. "That's awful, Jim," he muttered. "He's a young fellow and right nice-looking." He sighed, then poured out another drink. "It's awful what happens to some men. We've seen it ourselves, back home." He drew a deep breath. "An' that woman, she's a Jezebel, that's what she is. If I'm any judge

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of women, she's a Jezebel." He bent over the table, with his elbows spread out. "A buddie," he murmured. "A buddie in distress."

"It's a pity," said Jim. He looked up at the boy. "That's what comes o' livin' in foreign countries, Clayt. We're an adjustable folk an' we take readily to foreign ways. An' it ain't so good." He reached for the bottle. "It leaves a man without moral support, and moral support's what gets you through life. The opinion of neighbors, that's what stiffens you up. An' we've got strong opinions at home." He poured out a drink. "They're strong and they're widespread an' they're backed by public approbation. That's the steam in our engine, public approbation. It's made us great an' it's goin' to keep us great. It's the well-spring"—he paused—"the well-spring of our moral ascendancy. We're a great country, living openly for ends openly arrived at." He lifted the glass.

Then a great burst of chords swept over the room, and both the men leaped to their feet.

Every one stood up, tense, silent, the Americans at attention. Their faces were turned toward the orchestra, as if an invisible symbol were flaming through the music. "Oh, say, can you see," the big man hummed under his breath. His face was ecstatic and his arms were rigid at his sides. The pianist was playing, now, with a passionate fury, and the great chords swept out through the room, shrill, desperate, defiant, rising suddenly to a cry of terrible triumph.

Then they echoed and thundered away, leaving the room in silence.

"That's a great piece," said Jim. His eyes glittered behind his spectacles.

Clayt nodded without speaking. He stiffened his arms again as the orchestra began the "Marseillaise."

When the music stopped, the lights went down and the crowd began to move toward the door.

"That's the last piece," Jim said. The pianist was putting his music away.

"I'm going to talk to that boy," said Clayt. He got up and crossed the floor. The girl was still sitting at her table, and as he approached she looked at him, and he stepped aside suddenly, knocking into another man. "I beg your pardon," he said. Then he made a wide detour around the table.

"Young fellow," he called, when he reached the platform, "young fellow!"

The pianist turned around.

"Come here!" Clayt beckoned, then bobbed his head vigorously. "Come here!" he called again, and the pianist crossed the platform.

"Come along with us," Clayt said. He laid a hand on the young man's arm. "Come along," he repeated portentously. "You're an American boy, aren't you?"

The pianist nodded.

"Well, then, come along. My friend and I want you to have a drink." He pulled him gently by the sleeve. "We're alone in a big city an' we want you to have a drink. It ain't painful an' it won't take but a minute. We like the way you play an' we want to buy you a drink. Come along!"

"All right," said the pianist, "I'll come." He stepped down from the platform and then straightened up, a little frown on his face. "We can't get anything here, though. We'll have to go somewhere else."

"Anywhere you say," said Clayt. He led him by the arm to the table. "This is my friend James Brack, the editor of the Peoria *Herald,*" he an-

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nounced, "an' I'm Clayton Jasper of the same city. Best in the world. We're old soldiers, come down from the American Legion Convention." He spread his large hands out on his chest and balanced himself on his toe, nodding affectionately at the boy.

Jim held out his hand and the pianist took it. "I'm John Herrick," he said.

"City?" demanded Clayt.

The boy paused. "Staunton, Virginia."

"Good place." Clayt nodded approvingly. "Birthplace of our War President, although God knows I didn't vote for him. I'm a black Republican, myself. In the plumbing business. General —all over the State." He put his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Now let's all go somewhere and get a drink."

"We might go to Michel's," said the pianist doubtfully. "They're open till three. You're very kind," he added, with a glance at each of the men. Then he drew himself up and straightened his ill-fitting coat.

"Not at all! Not at all!" Clayt frowned vigorously and started toward the door.

"Been over long?" Jim asked. He waited. "Been out o' the States for long?" he asked again.

"About two months." The boy left him and caught up to Clayt, who was standing at the door. "That's the way to Michel's down there," he said.

"Nice to get out, ain't it?" said Clayt. "Warm for September. An' dark. Old city, Toulon?" He stumbled slightly on the cobblestones.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "It's a big naval base. That's the harbor down there."

They walked down the narrow street. Below them still globes of light were floating in a black mist. The corner lamps threw yellow circles on the pavement, and voices came out of the darkness, the gray uncertain gleam of faces, and figures passed by without shape. The globes of light were spreading toward the horizon and the mist was solid, crossed with faint glimmering bars. Dark shadows rose from it, looming over isolated reflections in the water. The smell of the harbor came up between the buildings, heavy and damp, filled with fresh slow decay; and at the end of the street a lamp threw a pale-blue cloud over a gulf of black.

Then a door opened on the corner to their right, and closed again.

"That's Michel's," Herrick said.

Clayt opened the door and the others followed. Inside was a small white-washed room, vibrating with noise and heat. Narrow alcoves ran out from the walls, enclosing tables, and a square bar stood in the centre of the room. The smoke drifted in layers around the centre light, and the low glaring walls and ceiling pressed heavily through the smoke.

"You ask for a table," Clayt said.

Herrick beckoned, and a waiter led them to one of the alcoves.

"Cognac?" Clayt asked when they were seated. "Cognac, Three Star." He held up three fingers.

A woman came over to the table, swinging her little bag. Clayt frowned. "I don't like 'em much in this place. They're too active. I remarked the same thing in Paris." He began undoing his vest without looking at the woman, and she laughed spitefully and walked away.

"It's Jim she's after," said Clayt. "Jim's an old soldier." He turned to Herrick. "You an old soldier, too?"

Herrick nodded.

"In the line?"

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"Yes."

"What division?" asked Jim.

"First."

Clayt raised his eyebrows. "First!" he repeated with admiration. "First Division. Well, buddie!" He poured out a drink. "We'll drink to that."

"You ought to have come up to the convention," Jim said when he finished his drink.

"I'd like to have. I couldn't." Herrick looked down.

"Well, you ought to have come," Jim repeated. He tightened his spectacles behind his ears. "It made a big difference, that's what I found. You know how the boys felt in nineteen-and-nineteen? Up in Paris when it was all over and we were going home?"

"Yes," said Herrick. He smiled suddenly. "I remember."

Clayt poured out three more drinks. "You fellows in France together," he grumbled, "an' me at home in a uniform buyin' pipe."

"It was the old spirit of the A. E. F. marching again through the Paris streets," Jim declaimed softly. He was leaning back with a happy smile. "That's good liquor," he said, shaking the glass. "We had good liquor in France in those days. Always good liquor in France."

Clayt poured out the drinks again. "To the First Division *an'* the Twenty-Eighth," he said.

"That's mine," said Jim. "Enlisted in Pittsburgh. We saw plenty of service. That's all forgotten." He waved his hand amiably. "We marched in the Victory Parade. An' last week we marched again—through the Arch, with all the sidewalks of Paris shouting and crying. Old Black Jack was there. Just the same." He sank back in his chair, cocked his head to one side, and smiled at Herrick. "You remember?"

"Yes, I do," said Herrick.

"They were good days," Jim murmured. "God, they were good! Made you feel as if the Americans were the best people on earth." He sighed, poured out another drink. "You know—you felt that way again up there in Paris last week. Yes, you did. The Army of Remembrance, some fellow called us. Not that we aren't the best people in the world." He sat up, then brought his fist down on the table. "Right now! Let 'em say what they will! But in those days the whole world believed it. An' now we believe it alone. We believe it alone," he repeated mournfully, "An' up there in Paris, for a while, they all believed it again. You ought to have been there, Hendrick." He shook his head. "You play the piano well. Very well, I say. But you ought to have been there."

"I couldn't go," said Herrick. His gray eyes, fixed upon Jim, were sharp and hurt. "If I'd been there, I know I'd have felt the same way that you did." He pulled down the wrinkled sleeves of his coat. "I seem to have lost touch"—his chin sank, then rose bravely—"I seem lately to have lost touch with my old associations. It won't be for long." He smiled painfully. "In a little while I'll be back."

"Sure, you will!" exclaimed Clayt. "First Division!" He poured out the drinks again. "Professional piano-player?"

"No," said Herrick. He paused. "I'm a lawyer by profession."

"Well, well!" Clayt lifted his glass. "Good profession. There's plenty of 'em. Here's to law!" He poured down his drink. "*An'* order!" He winked heavily, then put a hand on Herrick's arm. "You're a nice fellow," he said.

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"A nice young fellow. Now tell me"—he patted the arm affectionately—"now you tell me, how in hell did you come to be playin' the piano in a joint like that one back there?"

The boy quivered, tightened his lips, then he drew his arm away.

"We're friends," said Clayt. He leaned over, swaying slightly, and put his hand back on the boy's arm. "We're all friends. I'm a little drunk, but I'll understand you." He wagged his head. "Now you tell me! You're a nice young fellow an' I want you to tell me."

Herrick looked at him. "You're the first Americans I've seen for two months," he said. He gulped painfully and his fingers tightened against the edge of the table. "I know you're friends, all right. I haven't seen enough lately not to recognize them." He reached for the bottle and poured himself out a drink. "I lived in Staunton and I left there because of two things," he said quietly; "a woman and certain difficulties in connection with my family. When I left Staunton I went to the Panhandle field. I made some money there and I lost it. Then I went to Shreveport and then to New Orleans. I haven't many friends, and those I have I don't care to see under certain circumstances."

"That's right!" said Clayt. "Different circumstances make a difference; I know that! An' I like pride." He patted the boy's arm. "You got pride, young fellow. I saw that when you were playing the piano. I said to Jim here, didn't I, Jim? 'That young fellow can play, and, what's more, he's got pride!' The way you played the 'Star-Spangled Banner'——"

"Shut up and let him go on," said Jim. "Go on, my friend." He peered benevolently from behind his spectacles. "I am a man and nothing human is alien to me——"

"That's from an editorial!" exclaimed Clayt triumphantly. "I can always recognize them. Excuse me," he said to Herrick, "go on." He poured out another drink. "First Division!" he whispered to himself.

"Well, there's not much more," said Herrick. "I was broke and I took a job on a boat to New York, and then over to Marseilles on the Fabre Line—playing the piano. I used to play in college." He shrugged his shoulders. "That's all," he said.

"Hm," murmured Clayt. He was fingering his glass. "Do you like it here?" he asked suddenly. His eyes were bright and his face was red and perspiring. "Do you like it here?" he repeated ominously.

"No," said Herrick.

"Want to go back?"

Herrick smiled. "I should say I do."

"Well, you will, then!" Clayt's arm swept over the table and his glass tumbled to the floor. "You will! I'll see to that." He leaned over, peered at the boy cautiously. "You got good habits, Hendrick?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," said Herrick, laughing.

"I'll bet you have! You've just had bad luck, that's all. Just bad luck. I know all about that. Now!" He fumbled in his pocket. "Here's my card. Clayton Jasper, wholesale plumbing. General business. All over the State. I employ five hundred men. I can find you a job. A man with your education!" He leaned over benevolently. "You're sure you've got good habits, my son?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Herrick laughed in spite of himself.

"Good! You come round to-morrow

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morning to the Hotel Universe and we'll fix it up. Passage and all. I'll send you back first class to Peoria, Illinois. And give you a job." He picked up the bottle, and began looking around the table. "If I could find my glass, we'd all have another drink," he complained.

Herrick looked down at the card. Then he turned it over in his hands. "I'm obliged to you, Mr. Jasper," he said. "Very much obliged." He glanced away suddenly. "I can't tell you——"

"Oh, that's nothing," Clayt exclaimed. "What's a couple o' hundred dollars, anyway? I've got a good man an' I'm payin' his expenses back to work. I'll use you, don't you worry. You'll earn your money. I'm betting on you." He leaned forward and his eyes sparkled shrewdly. "Maybe you've got a little war record, Hendrick, you ain't told us about yet."

Herrick looked down.

"Come on now," said Clayt. "Any medals?"

Herrick's face grew red. He twisted his hands together nervously.

"Come on," Clayt insisted. "I got a right to know all about my employees."

"I suppose you have," said Herrick slowly. "I—you make me feel very uncomfortable. Well"—he laughed nervously—"I have."

"I thought so! You see! I'm the fellow that always knows!" Clayt waved his arm at the room. Then he leaned over. "What is it?" he asked.

Herrick fumbled in his pocket, pulled out his pocketbook. "This is very bad," he said, "but I can't help it—you've been so decent to me." He took out a medal and laid it on the table.

Jim picked it up.

"D. S. C., Clayt," he said.

"Showing your medals, are you?"

The men looked up suddenly. Standing beside the table was the girl in green.

"Telling 'em what a fine boy you are, are you?" Her voice was guttural and thick, and she was smiling viciously at Herrick. "Pin 'em on and stand up and show 'em what you are! He's a gentleman, he is! He's too good for me—he's got medals." She leaned uncertainly against the table. "Pin 'em on, Johnny!" she cried. "We all admire you, so go ahead and pin 'em on!"

Herrick drew back. His face was white and the corners of his mouth twitched. Both the men were quiet, their eyes fixed on the table. "Pull down your sleeves, Johnny," the woman commanded. She began to laugh, holding on to the table. "The boy's growing out of his coat!" she screamed. "He's a big man now! Never mind, dearie, I'll get you a new one and you can pin your medals on it. Oh, God!" She drew back and her head swayed a little to one side. "Oh, God, Herrick, but you make me sick!"

Jim rose. "Will you leave us, madam?" he said impressively. "We were having a talk in which"—he bowed—"your presence can have no part."

"Well, now!" said the woman. She peered at him. "You've got a silver tongue, you have. You could fill a church. An' old papa here"—she looked down at Clayt—"old papa here, he's a regular old sugar daddy, ain't you, papa?"

Clayt sprang to his feet. "Get out!" he cried. The veins in his forehead protruded and his eyes flashed. "Get out, I say!" He stepped toward her, his arm outstretched. "Get along, lady! Get right along! An' make it quick!"

The girl didn't move. "Regular old turkey gobbler, ain't you?" she said. "I'll bet you're a nice one in the home.

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Don't you touch me!" She thrust out her face. "I'll go when I'm ready." She turned around, pulled out a chair, and sat down beside Clayt. "Sit down, papa," she said. "I like you. Let's have a talk."

Clayt collapsed. He looked feebly at Jim.

"I think we'd better go," said Jim briskly. He walked round the woman to the waiters who were looking on.

Clayt turned to Herrick. "Let's go, son," he said.

"If he goes, I go, too," said the woman.

Herrick shrugged his shoulders. Then he got up. "I'd better arrange this myself," he said.

"All right." Clayt nodded. "I understand. Pay your debts." He fumbled at his coat. "If you want anything——"

"Please don't!" said Herrick sharply.

"All right." Clayt nodded again. "I understand. Pay your debts. See you tomorrow morning at the hotel. An' if you want anything—" He wagged his forefinger solemnly. "Pay your debts. But don't pay 'em too often. Good luck to you." He stepped cautiously round the woman and followed Jim to the door.

The woman watched him, and Herrick stood beside her, his face white and quiet, waiting for her to look round. Then she turned. "Afraid to sit down?" she said.

"No. I'm going home. You forgot to tell those men, Jennie, that I paid you for the clothes."

"Oh, hell, what's a coat!" she said wearily. "I'm tired, an' I been drinkin' too much, that's all. Comin' home with me?" She took his hand.

"No." He shivered and looked at the hand. "I'm going home myself."

"Those boys stake you?" she asked dully. "God, I'm tired!" Her head sank. "Those boys stake you?" she repeated, stroking his hand. "I'd stake you, Johnny, yes, I would, if you'd let me."

His lips tightened. "I know you would," he said. He tried to look at her but his eyes kept turning away. "You picked me up when I was finished. I haven't forgotten that. Only—I can't explain it to you, Jennie."

"You don't need to." She looked up at him. "I do call you names, though, don't I? Yes, I do." She shook her head. "And, my God, you deserve 'em! Well." She got up. "I guess that's all. You don't need to come." She picked up her bag and began to move toward the door.

He followed her, and they walked out together and started down the pavement that flanked the harbor. The light in front of them fell in a cloud above an arc of snaky water, and across the street the lamps dropped one by one down a black cleft between the houses. Everything was silent, closed, drugged with the night smell of the sea. In the harbor the scattered globes hung motionless above formidable shapes, and the dark stacks cut slantwise across the stars.

"You go on," she said, stopping in the circle of light. "I'm stayin' here." She faced him, small and sullen, with heavy, menacing eyes. "Go on!" She jerked her head toward the houses. "That's your way. I'm stayin' here." She turned away from him and walked to the edge of the pavement.

"I'll go to the house with you," he said.

"No, you won't," she answered without looking around. "I'm stayin'

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here. You're through with me so go along home." She bent her head, and her shoulders began to tremble. "If ever I find another man an' take him home an' feed him an' put clothes on his back an' get him a job, I'll know it, that I will!" She began to sob. "Oh, go on home and let me alone," she cried.

Herrick threw back his head, then pressed his hands tightly against his face. "Oh, Lord!" he cried desperately. "Jennie—come on! I can't leave you here. Jennie!" He touched her on the arm. "I know all you've done for me! Indeed, I do! Jennie! Please, come!"

She didn't answer, only moved closer to the edge.

"Please, come!"

"You let me alone," she muttered. Her voice was choked and her fingers were knotted under her chin. She was breathing in long, broken sighs and swaying over the water.

"Jennie!" he cried. He seized her by the shoulder. "Jennie—if you'll come away from there——"

Then a sudden shout from the street made him turn, his arm round the girl. A taxicab was approaching the light and some one was waving frantically from the window.

The door of the cab opened and a large figure plunged out.

"Young fellow!" it cried.

Then Clayt advanced heavily toward them over the stones.

"We got worried about you, Jim and I," he said, his face red and shining in the light, "so we picked up this French night-hawk on the street, and came back here after you. You better come over to the hotel. I got business I want to talk to you about." He bowed toward the girl without looking at her, and took off his hat. "Good evening, miss," he said.

"I'll be glad to go," said Herrick. He glanced at the girl.

"All right," Clayt said. "Come along." Then he bowed again. "We'll be glad to take you, miss, anywhere you'd like to go."

"I'm stayin' here," she said sullenly. "He can go."

"Here!" Clayt looked down at the stones. "This ain't no place to stay." He shook his head. "No, indeed, this ain't no place to stay." He walked over and took the girl by the arm. "Come along, miss," he said. "We're going to take you home, too." He pushed her gently toward the door of the cab. "Wherever you live we'll take you, and be glad to do it. We've got all night. Jim," he cried, "pull down the seat. We're going to take the young lady home, too."

She got in; crouched back in the corner opposite Jim.

"What address?" asked Clayt, thrusting his great body through the door.

"Seventy-nine rue de Grenoble," she answered. Then she began to laugh. "You'd make a great advance man for a show, papa," she said bitterly. "You're too much for me!"

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Educating the Alumni

BY WILFRED B. SHAW

Can college graduates talk only football? If so, whose fault is it and what can be done about it? Mr. Shaw here gives conclusions arising from an investigation aided by the Carnegie Corporation, including the views of the heads of forty of our leading institutions of learning.

It is a curious twist in our thinking that has led us to believe, or act as if we believed, that education is a process which concerns only a few of the earlier years of our lives. More or less subconsciously, we have been accepting the crystallization of a mediæval tradition, originally far less rigid and unimaginative than the present-day cut-and-dried march of education. We have acted as if we really thought that education was something which could be packed as tightly as possible into willing receptacles during four years set aside for the process, the receptacles sealed with a bit of parchment, and the product put into circulation as an educated man or woman.

Most of us, however, have known better—if we ever thought about it. A little self-analysis will show us that we are learning all the time. It is strange therefore that only very recently has the conception that education is a life-long process come definitely into the lime-light, formulated in cold scientific terms the significance of which cannot be escaped. Professor E. L. Thorndike of Columbia is responsible. His investigations prove conclusively that sober-sided forty-five is quite as favorable a field for educational effort as adolescent seventeen. While his conclusions have a direct bearing upon the whole recently developed field of adult education, of which we hear so much nowadays, they have an especial significance for the college graduate. They imply that a college career can be made a life-long experience, rather than a preoccupation for four short years.

The desire expressed at some time or another by almost every college graduate that he might take his college course over again has become a commonplace in the college world. But always the wheel has moved on and the wish remained only a wish. It remained for a group of some sixty-five alumni of Lafayette College to find a reverse gear last June in the Alumni College held at Easton when these graduates returned to the old campus for a week of study. Every morning saw them attending classes as religiously as they did in student days—or rather, more religiously! For three hours they studied Economics, Current Education, Tragic Drama, Old Testament Literature, Modern Politics, Electrical Engineering; with the afternoons open for golf, tennis or visits to old haunts. But recreation and good-fellowship proved minor elements in the programme. As one "student" put it—"I told my wife I would probably look in on a class or two, and then play golf. So far I have played twice but I don't expect to touch a stick again. I can play

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golf any time but I can't get anywhere else what they are giving us here."

Thus these typical college graduates, old and successful men and youngsters just finding their place in the world, demonstrated by their presence and their wholehearted interest, that there is still a fruitful field which our colleges and universities can well afford to recognize and develop. Lafayette is by no means alone in this effort. The same interest, though revealed in other forms, is found in other institutions—enough to show that there is a significant trend toward constructive efforts to arouse once more, or continue, the intellectual stimulus of undergraduate days.

College graduates are asking for a definite recognition of this interest, not perhaps as organized bodies, rather through a very perceptible change in their attitude toward the fundamental policies and educational achievements of the institution. College presidents are all but unanimous in marking this new orientation. They, along with the alumni executive officers, are thinking—and thinking hard—upon a question presented at a conference of twelve alumni officers and college presidents held at Vassar College last October. The college executives were Presidents Neilson of Smith, Chase of North Carolina, Little of Michigan, Jessup of Iowa, and Mr. J. C. Lawrence, assistant to President Coffman of Minnesota. The alumni officers represented Amherst, Columbia, Michigan, Ohio State, Smith, and Vassar.

The question was as follows:

"Has the college or university a definite responsibility for continuing education after graduation, or is its function limited to the period of actual enrolment?"

The answer on the part of all present was a decided affirmative. It was noteworthy that such a conference, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, could be held at all. But this reaction to a question which cut deep into present educational practices and theories was even more significant as an evidence of what a certain part at least of the college world is thoughtfully considering just now. It is beginning to realize that the college graduate is taking his alumnihood a bit more seriously; that, strangely enough, he is beginning to be interested in higher education—for himself as well as for others.

The trouble in the past has been that our universities and colleges all too often have not taken the trouble to make contacts with their graduates on the basis of anything approaching a mutual intellectual interest. They have assumed that because the alumni talked about athletics that has been their chief interest. Certainly this is true of some college graduates, and they are the ones who seem to be the most vocal. There is good evidence, however, that alumni preoccupation in intercollegiate sports, or material developments in their institutions, has been largely a result of the fact that no real effort has been made to establish effective contact on any other basis. Whatever alumni spirit has developed, has been stimulated either by a natural, healthy-minded, interest in athletics, shared by the whole American public, or by special propaganda from the institution, on occasions when financial support is needed.

It might easily be thought that the extension programmes maintained in many institutions, as well as the summer sessions, which appeal to a mature type of student, could answer this growing demand. As a matter of fact, however, they do not, cannot ordinarily,

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perform this educational service for the alumni, except in cases where there is a distinct professional emphasis. Extension and summer-school courses do have a particular value for the teacher or lawyer or doctor who desires further training. But if the alumnus is interested in a cultural, or avocational, development, a hobby perhaps, the effort must be more informal, more personal, than is possible in these courses. The average college graduate, unless he has a distinct vocational interest, is less likely to be attracted by formalized instruction, with a modicum of credit as the reward. He wishes to work, or play (it depends upon his point of view), at his own pace, with the work itself and the knowledge, gained as its own reward. He is done with courses and college credits, in other words. For him a continuation of his college experience can mean an expansion of life's horizon, a richer background, an enchantment of values. Whether it have any immediate and practical value, at least it should make his life an infinitely more interesting adventure.

If it can be shown that the alumni, at least a certain proportion of them, are interested in the further development of such a reasonable relationship with Alma Mater, given the fundamental educational aim of our universities, what of the universities themselves? Most thoughtful university administrators freely acknowledge that graduate interest has developed up to the present time in channels we have always associated with the alumni simply because the university bodies have failed to make any effort to meet their former students on any other basis than propaganda for financial or athletic support. The alumni have assumed a certain proprietary interest in their institutions as a result, but almost always without a sufficient background of sympathy or intellectual co-operation.

This older attitude is changing, however, has changed, if a recent investigation the writer was privileged to make of this aspect of alumni relations has any significance. Interviews with the heads of some forty colleges and universities revealed the fact that all but one or two were definitely alive to the desirability of establishing some form of relationship with the alumni on this new educational or intellectual basis. It was not mere lip service to a Utopian programme, rather it was a very general desire to develop ways and means to make continued education for the college graduate an established fact, and not a dream.

Significant experiments are already under way to continue the education of those who, under the old system, considered themselves educated. Questionnaires sent out by various institutions to portions of their alumni bodies have shown a real responsiveness on the part of the graduates. Some institutions are already sending out reading lists, some are holding alumni conferences, while others are seeking to establish a more personal contact with their graduates. Smith College is reaching nearly a third of her alumnæ through reading lists, and her graduates are glad to pay for the service offered. Dartmouth is sending out similar lists to all her graduates and President Hopkins finds from his wide contact with Dartmouth men that these pamphlets are greatly appreciated and are performing a real service. Lafayette College has followed the same practice for two years and it can safely be assumed that the success of the first session of its Alumni College was in some

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measure due to the interest aroused by the twelve book-lists prepared by different members of the Faculty and widely distributed among the alumni. Vassar has held a long series of alumnæ conferences in fields as widely varied as child education, gardening, and poetry; Radcliffe had three hundred alumnæ back last March for a conference on modern literature; while the University of Michigan has definitely set up an Alumni University and has appointed an officer to stimulate and develop the relationship between the institution and its graduates implied in the project.

Similar efforts are under way in many other colleges and universities, some of them successful and some, it must be acknowledged, showing so far only a certain degree of success. In other places it is only an idea in the mind of some far-seeing leader. Yet enough has been accomplished to demonstrate that an interest exists, if it can be effectively capitalized, sufficient, certainly, to justify a well-considered and continuing effort to bring the alumni more generally into the stream of real academic interests.

It remains to find ways and means—not a small problem in view of the preoccupations of the alumni up to the present time. It implies a revolution which will affect the college and university officers quite as much as the alumni. The college teacher is apt to feel that he has all he can do as things are at present. So in building up a new friendship between our higher educational centres and their graduates an indifference which is often discouraging will sometimes have to be faced. This reluctance to undertake so novel a venture will arise on one side from a lack of comprehension on the part of the average alumnus as to what it is all about, and on the other from the college teacher's unwillingness to assume new and probably burdensome responsibilities. That is the unfavorable weight in the balance.

On the favorable side of the scale is the positive interest of college administrators everywhere. In almost every institution visited some efforts were under way in this field, often small and uncoordinated, but definitely the result of a vision of new things possible on the part of some thoughtful leader. Or if nothing had been attempted, the administration was definitely getting ready to do something, provided the way could be shown. There were exceptions of course. For some it was such an unheard of notion—the idea that college graduates, as organized bodies, were really interested in anything but football. They were sunk in their own intellectual inertia and even if a leader of vision arose occasionally, a sort of progressive degeneration developed to negative any constructive effort. Fortunately this attitude is very far from universal. Most educators are sensitive to certain indications that a revolution in alumni sentiment is already under way, and is gathering momentum. President Hibben's remark that he rarely discusses athletics with his Princeton constituency, but finds an appreciative interest in topics he would never have thought of discussing twenty years ago, finds a striking confirmation in the experience of many college heads.

It will have to be recognized, however, that this changing attitude in the alumni world—whether it is something new, or only the expression of an interest which has heretofore been inarticulate—will affect only a portion of any alumni body. Perhaps, as has been suggested by certain interested college

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presidents, only ten per cent of the alumni, or even a smaller number at first, can be brought into active participation; but even so, is there anything—even athletics—which enlists the active support of a larger graduate constituency? One may permit himself to doubt it.

Moreover, all alumni, just in the natural course of things, are not open to the development of this relationship. Aside from the fact that, as one university president put it, about half our alumni are not college graduates at all in any estimate of real educational values—they have only gone through the motions—it is only the man or woman of a certain period, who is likely to feel the need of such a university companionship on the educational side. The youngsters just graduated are usually too busy establishing a home, rearing a family, and providing the necessary wherewithal, unless they are bachelors or bachelor maids, in which case it applies with less force or at least the inevitable distractions are postponed. So, too, for the older graduate, life is crystallized, his interests are fixed, and while help from his Alma Mater in certain particular fields may be welcome, it is relatively less necessary.

That does not mean, of course, that nothing can or should be done for the youngest and the oldest graduates. Quite the contrary. In fact, some of the most significant efforts in this field are being addressed directly to the recent graduate. Such efforts as the honors courses and guided reading at Swarthmore, under President Aydelotte's inspiration, and corresponding measures elsewhere, must have some effect in the years immediately succeeding graduation. Similarly President Neilson of Smith is seeking to bridge the gap by offering to seniors the opportunity to take up through alumnæ years a definite study project under the personal direction of some member of the faculty.

After all, however, the immediate problem is the graduate of from ten to twenty years' standing. His head is at last above water, his interests have taken a new direction, a new solidity, and he is coming to estimate his educational experience at a new valuation. It is perhaps for graduates of these middle years that Alma Mater can be of especial service.

What shall this service be? What form, or forms, shall it take? Shall it be a wide-spread effort for all alumni, or shall it be tentative at first, and personal with each interested graduate? These are questions facing many leaders in the college world to-day. The methods, the technic, by which these questions will some day be answered are only now being experimentally worked out in such efforts as are under way at Dartmouth, Smith, Amherst, Lafayette, Michigan, Vassar, Mills College, and other institutions.

One thing is becoming clear. The whole readjustment of alumni relations and the new orientation of educational aims which this programme implies is not coming over night. Rather, it is a long haul which begins with a preliminary propaganda—or education—as to its significance and possibilities. Such a programme will need a good measure of financial support, which, if the preliminary steps prove sound, will surely be forthcoming. Education can secure funds for almost any effort if the cause is shown to be worthy. But the lack of means at present makes it necessary that the first steps be tentative and experimental. First must come efforts to evaluate the degree and kind of interest in this programme through inquiries

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among the alumni, the distribution of reading lists, the furnishing of books when necessary by the college libraries, the encouragement of alumni study and discussion groups, the inauguration of a definite educational policy in the alumni journals, and the setting up of alumni conferences, or intellectual home-comings. Above all, there must come a definite and official recognition by the institution that this programme is under way and will be granted an increasing measure of support as it develops.

There is much that can be said, and will be said, by the conservatives and practically minded in criticism of the development of this kind of alumni interest. The best refutation lies in the fact that leading educators all over the country are inaugurating experimental efforts in this field, that thoughtful college graduates have shown their interest and readiness to co-operate, and that the alumni officers have welcomed the idea as a fundamental justification of the faith that is in them.

The relationship between the institution and the graduate, after all, should involve a reciprocal obligation. For the alumnus, this obligation implies support, in personal effort, counsel when needed, and, not least of course, financial help. For the college, it implies stimulus and guidance in those things for which our educational institutions have always stood, a further development of those intellectual and cultural interests which were, or should have been, aroused during college days. Or is this too much to ask of our colleges and universities?

Proud, Unhoped-for Light

By Raymond Holden

"Because, because," the sound of the hard road said,
Stepping up into my brain as I went down-hill.
But it was only a sound that shook in my head
And the tongue of my mouth let the sweet bright air be still.

Out of the pasture rotten with apples the cows
Swung their smooth necks, moving as if they swam.
The breath of the cold light parted the apple-boughs
And ruffled the flanks of the filly and her dam.

There was no answer to be spoken and no need
To cry out through the quietness to ask and protest.
The proud, unhoped-for light, without fear or heed,
Eager and kind, lay down with the heart in my breast.

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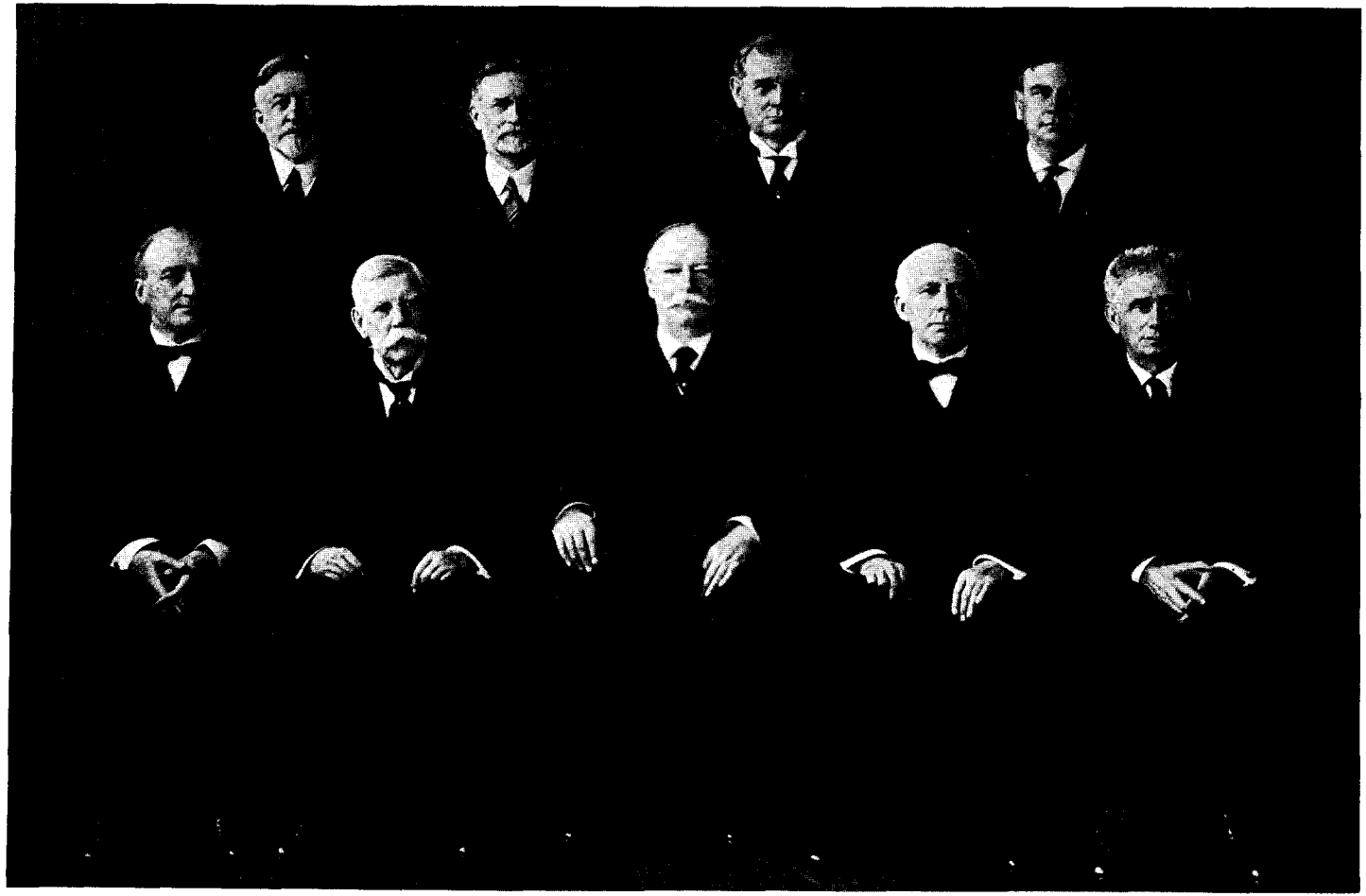

The Supreme Court of the United States.

Its present members are: (seated, centre) Chief Justice Taft, (seated, left to right) Associate Justices McReynolds, Holmes, Van Devanter, Brandeis, (standing, left to right) Associate Justices Sanford, Sutherland, Butler, and Stone.

—See "The Human Side of the Supreme Court," page 498.

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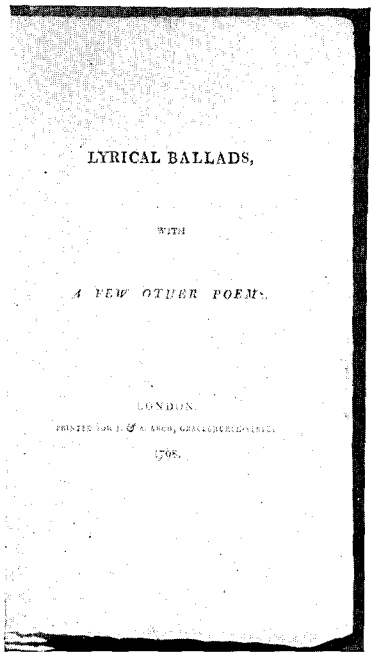
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WITH

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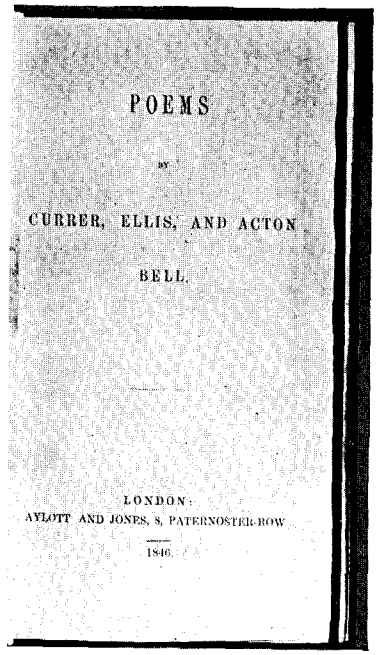
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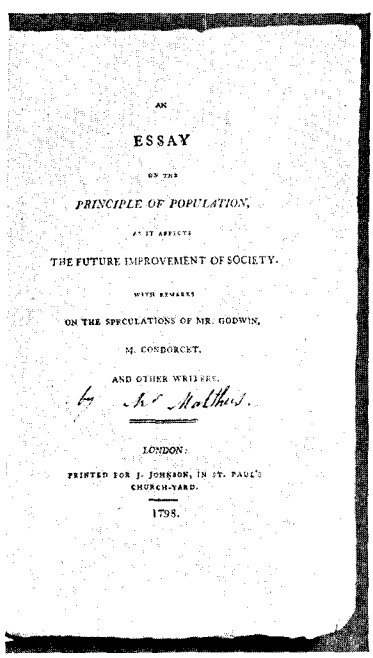
AN

ESSAY

ON THE

PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION,

AS IT AFFECTS

THE FUTURE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

WITH REMARKS

ON THE SPECULATIONS OF MR. GODWIN,

M. CONDORCET,

AND OTHER WRITERS.

By T. R. Malthus.

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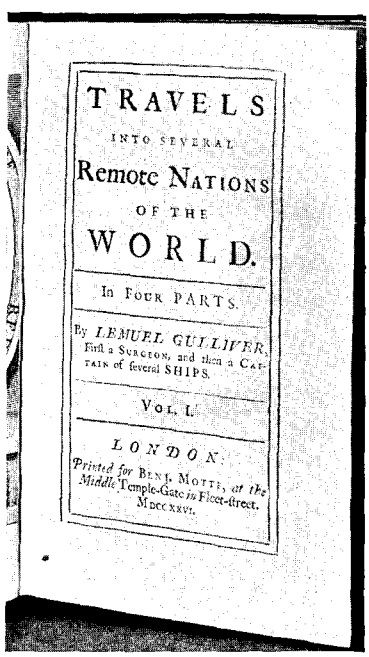
TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

Remote NATIONS

OF THE

WORLD.

In FOUR PARTS.

By LEMUEL GULLIVER, First a SURGEON, and then a CAPTAIN of several SHIPS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for BENJ. MOTTE, at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleet-street. MDCCXXVI.

Gulliver's Travels in Its Original State.

TITLE-PAGES OF FOUR RARE FIRST EDITIONS.

—See "Firsts that Last," page 523.

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Firsts That Last

BY C. W. WILCOX

With Facsimiles

There's still good hunting for the bibliohound. An expert on rare books makes valuable suggestions to beginning collectors and states views on the fascinating chase for first editions.

WHY is it that the prices of first editions are so high? Why are the prices steadily going higher? What is a first edition, anyhow?

It's a case of demand and supply. By first edition is meant the first printing of any book, and obviously there were so many copies printed, and no more. A rare book is just that—rare, and as such is a desirable acquisition. It is not a factory product. First editions of "Jane Eyre," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Leaves of Grass" are not being turned out every day. They were turned out but once, in 1847, 1850, and 1855, and only so many copies. Some of them were read to pieces, some were thrown upon the rubbish heap, others went into circulating libraries, some were burned, so that the number available to collectors gradually diminished; and when anything gets scarce, everybody wants it, especially if it happens to be one of the great masterpieces of literature. No, there aren't many "Jane Eyres," "Scarlet Letters," or "Leaves of Grass," of the original printing, left, and they fetch fancy prices, $3,600, $1,125, and $3,400, respectively. Good copies are disappearing from the market into the bookcases of Bibliophiles, from which they seldom emerge, or into museums and college libraries, from which they never emerge; consequently as the supply diminishes and the demand increases the price goes higher and higher.

Then too, prices are affected by sales; you can't get away from that. A has a fine copy of, let us say, "Humphrey Clinker," which he values at $4,000; B has a copy equally fine which he sells for $6,000, or which fetches $6,000 at auction. A says to himself "Whatinhell?" or words to that effect, and, if he is a dealer, raises his price to $7,000; and he has a perfect right to do so. If he is a collector he smiles a cat-and-canary smile and pats himself on the back for being a shrewd fellow—which he was—for paying only $1,750 for his "Humphrey Clinker."

The question of sales affecting prices—there's no question about it, they do—is aptly illustrated by an anecdote for which I am indebted to Mr. W. P. Williams, a dealer in rare books and manuscripts.

Mr. Williams had the manuscript of "Tom Sawyer" which he took to the J. P. Morgan Library and showed to Miss Belle Greene. (As far as I know, no article on rare books has ever been written without mentioning this justly famous lady.)

"How much do you want for this?" asked Miss Greene.

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"Twenty thousand dollars," replied Mr. Williams.

"That's r*idic*ulous," laughed Miss Greene.

"What will you give me for it?" said Mr. Williams.

"Five thousand dollars," Miss Greene answered.

"*That's* ridiculous," snapped Mr. Williams, and betook himself and his manuscript elsewhere and sold it for $17,500.

A few days later he again dropped into the Morgan Library.

"Did you sell your 'Tom Sawyer'?" Miss Greene greeted him.

"Of course I did," he replied, "and for $17,500."

"Great!" cried Miss Greene. "That's the best news I've heard in a long time; we have three Mark Twain manuscripts and that makes them all more valuable."

The retail market is governed to a great extent by auction prices, both here and in London, and a select coterie of spectacular bidders sees to it that prices keep on the up-grade. Try to sell one of these limelight boys, let us say, "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard," and he'll offer you perhaps $500 for it. In the auction-room this same dealer would bid $10,000 for the identical copy, and next day it would be recorded in the papers that so-and-so paid $10,000 for a first edition of Gray's "Elegy." They hate publicity as a nigger hates watermelon, and their methods of attracting attention to themselves are sometimes as amusing as they are effective. For instance, one of these distinguished exhibitionists will stroll with elaborately affected unconcern across the floor of the auction-room while bidding is in progress. "Twenty-five hundred dollars," some one will bid; "$3,000," he will toss carelessly over his shoulder, and then, pausing somewhat theatrically, "What are we bidding on?" he will blandly inquire.

Prices are high; we all thought they were high five years ago, but since then they have doubled, yes, more than doubled: You could get Johnson's "Prince of Abyssinia," then, for $200; if you find a fair copy to-day for $800, you're lucky. Now is the time to buy (now is always the time to buy). Cease regretting the lost opportunities of the past, and hope not for a phantom future when first-edition prices, like fantastically builded houses of cards will come tumbling down. They will not tumble. They never have tumbled. The "Just So Stories" which you turned down last year for $25, is now $100; "The Master of Ballantrae," which you can get to-day for $25, will be $50 to-morrow, and the "Sentimental Tommy" at $20 will be doubled, for Kipling, Stevenson, and Barrie are going up—going up with a bang. You are fortunate, indeed, if you have been quietly picking them up while the picking was good.

Take the cases of John Galsworthy and George Bernard Shaw: "The Man of Property," $1,500,—preposterous! "A Man of Devon," $1,500,—ridiculous! "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," $600, —absurd! Let us look into this high-binding.

The greatest writer is the one who best mirrors the manners of his age. Surely Galsworthy has done that better than any other writer of our chaotic times. "The Forsyte Saga" is the supreme literary achievement of the early years of the twentieth century, and if Shaw isn't the Molière of this age, then who is? But this is not the place—and I am not the man—to enter into a discussion of the literary and sociological significance of these writers. We are deal-

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ing with first editions only, and a myriad of people believe that these two, of all contemporary authors, have the best prospect of survival, and are therefore madly collecting their works.

Let us consider Galsworthy alone:

His first book, "From the Four Winds," was published by T. Fisher Unwin in 1897. The edition was of only 500 copies. How many of them went onto the junk-heap? A dealer can ask $1,200 for this book without a blush. "Jocelyn," published by Duckworth, 1898, edition of 1,500, which included the Colonial Edition. Only 750 were bound in the English style, which reduces the number available to collectors to just that number. One thousand dollars is a fair price for it as this is being written; what it will bring by the time you read it, heaven knows. "Villa Rubein," published by Duckworth, 1900. If you have the first issue of this book you are one of a very fortunate few, and very few at that. There are two issues of this edition, each consisting of 250 copies, and it's extremely hard to tell the difference between them. The cover of the second issue is a lighter shade of pink, the first issue being cherry-colored; and "Duckworth & Co.," at the bottom of the spine, is slightly more ornamental in the second. There are a few "sophisticated" or just plain fake copies of this book around. An authentic first of "Villa Rubein" is worth $1,300. It is one of the scarcest of modern books. "A Man of Devon," published by William Blackwood & Sons, 1901. There were 1,500 of this book, and it is difficult to understand why it is so seldom seen. It is the most important of the John Sinjohn books (the four books above mentioned, appeared under the pseudonym, John Sinjohn), for in it is the first appearance in print of a Forsyte. It has fetched as high as $1,500. "The Man of Property," his most famous and his best book, appeared in 1906, and the first impression was of 1,500 copies. These were read to death, and only fair copies and very few of them, ever turn up in the market. If you have one offered you for $1,500, take it, and consider yourself lucky.

If Galsworthy stands the test of time, and I believe he will, these prices, that seem absurd to-day will seem equally absurd—absurdly small—in years to come. The same applies to Shaw, and to Arnold Bennett and to H. G. Wells. Already the prices of Bennett and Wells are going up. The "Old Wives' Tale" is $500, and nobody has it.

But let us go back for a while to the eighteenth century and hit some of the "high spots." Those "Tom Joneses," "Clarissa Harlowes," "Peregrine Pickles," in their original boards, or their beautiful mellowed calf bindings, are items—I detest that word—to make the collector's mouth water. Most of the eighteenth-century books were bound in boards, and the purchaser, who was usually a man of means, had them rebound in full calf. Those old-time binders did beautiful and enduring work, but how they could cut! They cut with enthusiasm and unrestraint into the margins of the books, little knowing that they were cutting hundreds, and in some cases, thousands of dollars from their value. This was done, one supposes, to economize in leather. Many people, unacquainted with rare books, and a few who should know better, are under the impression that "uncut" means the leaves have not been cut with a paper-cutter. The old books issued in boards all had wide margins and the edges were untrimmed or "deckled." The keenest collectors and those with the longest

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purses will have no others. So few eighteenth-century books escaped this rebinding process that, when one turns up in an original state, it may be called of "the last rarity," and fetches a pretty price you may be sure.

Here is a description, lifted bodily from the catalogue of the Kern sale, of an eighteenth-century first edition in as perfect condition as one is ever found:

511. Fielding (Henry) The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.
London, Printed for A. Miller, 1749.
6 volumes, 12mo, original boards, calf backs (*some tops and bottoms skillfully repaired, occasional foxings, upper margin of title page Vol. 2, slightly defective, tear in inner margin of two leaves in Vol. 6, and inner joints naturally split*)
FIRST ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION WITH THE LEAF OF ERRATA IN THE FIRST VOLUME following the table of contents, size 7⅛ by 4¼ inches. A BEAUTIFUL COPY IN RARE UNCUT CONDITION AND IN SOUND GENERAL BINDING. SUCH ANOTHER COPY CANNOT EXIST.

It would be interesting to know how much Jerome Kern paid for this magnificent "Tom Jones,"—not more than $3,500 I'll guess. It was worth every cent of the $27,000 it fetched, for in all truth such another copy, as far as anybody knows, does not exist,—*can not exist* is another matter, and may be questioned.

"Humphrey Clinker," also in original boards, fetched $6,200 at the same sale.

Books like these are of course excessively rare and are seen but seldom; but fine copies of "Tom Jones" are to be found in contemporary binding at prices ranging from $1,800 to $4,500, depending on condition and how much or how little they have been cut. The taller the book, the better. I know of a magnificent "Humphrey Clinker" which sold last year for $2,750. "Amelia" is worth from $500 to $1,000. "The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom," by Tobias Smollett, $3,000, and "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe—but Lord! where are you going to find it! Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," uncut in the original boards, is worth $2,250; Malthus's "Essay on Population," which is pictured on page 522, is also in original boards, uncut. This is one of the most important books of the eighteenth—or any other—century, and three years hence will be worth three times its present price. A fine copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" in contemporary calf can be bought for $1,500. Don't pay any attention to the dropped "i" on page 135 of Volume I; a copy with "give" is just as good as one with "gve," and why shouldn't it be? Unimportant points are altogether overstressed by unimportant people. Nobody knows just what happened in a London printing-room nearly one hundred and forty years ago, yet there are those who attribute to themselves this omniscience.

"The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White, is another much-sought-after and highly prized book. Uncut, and in boards, it is extremely rare, but copies in contemporary binding are by no means scarce and may be found for from $300 to $500.

One sees but once in a blue moon an untouched copy of "Gulliver's Travels." It is usually rebacked and varnished and the leaves washed with a chemical. Frequently, it is made up from several copies. There were three separate and distinct editions of this book, all printed in the year 1726, and there were *three issues of the first edition,* but I haven't the space to describe them; your dealer will be glad to tell you all about them. They are never given away, and the one on large paper is worth as much as a Rolls-Royce.

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The board bindings of the early nineteenth century were even less durable than those of the eighteenth. The backs were usually of cloth instead of leather. For that reason bound copies, if they are uncut, are about as desirable—to some collectors more so. There is considerable weight in favor of a book that can be handled as against one that will fall apart at the nearest breath. An "Endymion" in calf by Bedford is every bit as good as an "Endymion" in dog-eared and dirty boards with the label missing, the label is usually missing, and the hinges broken. "Pride and Prejudice" in tasteful calf or levant by Birdsall or Rivière is infinitely preferable to "Pride and Prejudice" with no covers at all; but if you run across "Pride and Prejudice" in sound boards with the label on the back, mortgage your home and buy it, but you don't need to; you never will. Don't be a holder out for original boards, but take your Keats and Shelleys, your Byrons and Lambs in leather and thank your stars that you get them at all, and don't kick about the price—if you have to pay it you are making a sound investment; you're not buying on a margin. The "Laon and Cythna" you pay $2,500 for to-day will be worth $5,000, year after next.

To get back a moment to boards: If they are sound, they are good buys. If you can find, say a "Don Juan," in boards, or "Essays of Elia" or "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," buy it. You may regret the money spent but your heirs will rejoice when it fetches $7,000 on the auction-block. There are a few of Scott's first editions in boards still to be found in good condition at reasonable moderate prices, and now is the time to buy them for they are shortly going sky high. "Waverley" is already in the clouds and the others are on their way up. "Quentin Durward," "The Abbott," "The Fortunes of Nigel," etc., in good condition, are now bringing about $300.

Where are you going to find "Lyrical Ballads with a Few Other Poems," to give it its full title. This is a rare book. It is the most important book of verse of its period, for it marks the beginning of an epoch in poetry. It was, as you know, written by Wordsworth and Coleridge and was the first production of the somewhat sappy Romantic School of Poetry. Coleridge contributed but four poems, but one of them was "The Ancient Mariner." Edmund Gosse wrote of it: "The association of these intensely brilliant and inflammatory minds at what we call the psychological moment, produced full-blown and perfect the exquisite new flower of Romantic Poetry."

"Lyrical Ballads" was first printed at Bristol in 1798, but you need not trouble yourself to look for the book with that imprint. There are six known copies and they are secure in libraries. You'll never, never own one. If by some strange whim of fate, one should appear in an auction-room, it would bring a price unbelievable.

The second issue was printed in the same year at London, and in its original condition is almost never seen. It is a very, very scarce book indeed, and in binding it is also very scarce. I do not believe there are three copies of the 1798 London issue in original boards anywhere on the market to-day. This is not to be confused with the less rare but nevertheless infrequently found two-volume edition of "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1800.

Take the Brontë sisters. Who knows where there is a copy of "Wuthering Heights"? "Jane Eyre" is worth a cool

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thousand, and "Poems" by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell—there is a book to rave about. It has a rather curious history. It was published in 1846, for a consideration of thirty-one pounds sterling, by the firm of Aylott and Jones. Within the year but two copies were sold, one of them, we learn from Ernest Dimnet's excellent book on the Brontës, to a Mr. Enoch of Warwick. A few copies were sent out to reviewers, perhaps a half dozen, and the remainder were packed in a box and shipped to the discouraged authors. Charlotte Brontë presented one to Thackeray, one to Lockhart, one to Tennyson, and one to De Quincey. That was all of the first edition that ever got out. The remaining copies were taken over by the firm of Smith Elder & Company and reissued in 1847 under the imprint of that firm. "Poems" by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, with Aylott and Jones title-page, is one of the nineteenth-century's rarest first editions. Copies of the Smith Elder edition can be secured without much difficulty for about $100, but try and find one of the other. The one that is here shown was presented to Lockhart by Charlotte Brontë, and tipped in is the following rather pathetic letter:

Sir:

My relatives, Ellis and Acton Bell and myself, heedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of poems.

The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us; our book is found to be a drug; no man needs it or heeds it; in the space of a year our publisher has disposed of but two copies and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of those two—himself only knows.

Before transferring the edition to the trunk-makers, we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we cannot sell. We beg to offer you one in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your works. I am, Sir,

Your very respectfully,

June 16th/47 CURRER BELL.

J. G. Lockhart, Esq.,

An unsuccessful book of very bad poems, and yet it is one to thrill the soul of the most callous collector.

There is a great deal of hocus-pocus about first editions in Parts; there is no end of nonsense about this pink slip and that advertisement and the bracket or absence of the bracket around the number on the cover of Part XVI. There is no end to the pestiferous points that bibliographers are constantly bringing up about Parts. To the devil with all of them, say I. I make no pretense of being a man of Parts. Nobody, as a matter of fact, knows very much about them. They "suppose" and they "assume" and each one vaunts the superior merits of his own sets.

Why should anybody care if the advertisement of the "Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke" is missing? What difference does it make if "The Young Ladies' Friend, A Manual of Practical Advice to Young Females on Their Entry upon the Duties of Life After Quitting School," By a Lady, was left out by the irresponsible imp who inserted the drab advertisements of that dreary Victorian day? If the Parts are sound and clean, and all there, what else does one want? You are buying "Nicholas Nickleby," "Pendennis," or "Orley Farm," not Rowland's Macassar Oil.

Plenty of sets in Parts are to be found. The only point I should stress is condition. If they are falling to pieces, do not buy them, but do not turn them down if they have been skilfully repaired, as most of them have been—and why not? They range in price from $100 for "The

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Mystery of Edwin Drood," to $20,000 for a perfect "Pickwick."

All of this is cold comfort for the person of limited means who has the urge to collect, but he need not despair. Though the "Wuthering Heights" are not for him to scale there are many lesser peaks to be attempted. Why not collect George Eliot and George Meredith? They are not yet prohibitive. There are plenty of Byron Firsts still to be had, both in boards and in wrappers, for very little. Tennyson can be picked up most anywhere—that is, his later works: "Idylls of the King" for twenty dollars, "Maud" for ten dollars, etc., etc. And there is William Black, who was so popular in the nineties—he wrote good stories, too—I never heard of anybody collecting him. Anthony Hope, Stanley J. Weyman: I believe the "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," "Phroso," "Under the Red Robe," and "A Gentleman of France" will be bringing fancy prices in a year or two. With the exception of "Earthwork out of Tuscany" and "The Forest Lovers," first editions of Maurice Hewlett are to be had for a song—a song of sixpence. 'Twill not be so in another year. And how about Conan Doyle? The Sherlock Holmes books fetch stiff prices now, but his other books are, so far as I know, uncollected. Henry Seton Merriman, who was the forerunner of E. Phillips Oppenheim—and is still many laps ahead of him—in the fictional field of international intrigue, wrote some smashing good books: "The Sowers," "The Vultures," "Young Mistley," "With Edge Tools," "In Kedar's Tent," etc. There will be a revival of Merriman, some day, and whoever has a set of his first editions will reap a small fortune.

American authors have been rather undeservedly neglected in the past, except for the high spots—"Leaves of Grass," "Scarlet Letter," etc., but people who collect are beginning to wake up to them. Cooper, in any sort of good condition, would, I imagine, be rather difficult to find, and would fetch good prices. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Emerson—there is good picking to be had among this group, and Hawthorne—some of his firsts are not so very high. W. D. Howells, Henry James, William James, Edith Wharton—"Ethan Frome" is the greatest book written in America in the last twenty-five years; some day, not so far in the future, it will be worth $500. Willa Cather's "Lost Lady" is another great book that is bound to go up and up in price. (I suppose you think I'm salting the books away to reap a profit on my own book, but to tell the truth, I do not own a single first edition—I'm not a book collector—I haven't enough sense.)

Where are the first editions of the first, and worst, American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown? Apparently they are with the great Auk and the lamented Dodo. This Brown was a disciple of the "Gothic" school of English fiction, you know,—"The Monk," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Frankenstein," etc. He wrote six novels in rapid succession, from 1797 to 1801. Look in your attic; you may run across a moth-eaten "Wieland," "Arthur Mervyn," "Ormond," "Jane Talbot," or "Edgar Huntter." You couldn't possibly read them, but they are worth something—I don't know just how much. Frank R. Stockton is another good man to collect. One of the most entertaining and widely read authors of his time, he flourished in the nineties; he is but little read to-day and has been passed by by collectors.

Howard Pyle is another. His "Men of Iron" is one of the best boys' books ever

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written; it ought to be worth as much as "Ivanhoe,"—more, in fact, for it is a vastly better book. Pyle wrote as well as he drew, and as he illustrated his own books, there's a double reason for collecting them.

The works of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, with the exception of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Huckleberry Finn," do not fetch, as yet, very high prices, and there are plenty of them to be found, but insist upon good condition. Between two copies of any book take the soundest and cleanest and pay the higher price.

David Graham Phillips, whose promising career was terminated by a madman's bullet, wrote several novels of great distinction. Why not look for "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig," "The Grain of Dust," "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox." The early work of Gouverneur Morris, and all of O. Henry—but why go on? Use your own initiative and don't overlook Richard Harding Davis ("Soldiers of Fortune" is worth twenty dollars) or Booth Tarkington. Don't despise an author because he isn't dead; it's not his fault.

How about the early work of Robert W. Chambers? I'll wager you'll search many a long day for "The King in Yellow," without finding it. The first printing of Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean"—there was a book that was read out of existence—find that if you can.

Oh, yes, there is still good hunting for the diligent bibliohound, still more sporting game than the preciosities of some living authors whose first editions and limited editions are so madly scrambled for. Limited editions! This is a catchpenny device that has been altogether overdone.

If you want a first edition of "The Scarlet Letter," don't waste your time poking around a second-hand book-shop for it. The dealer knows its value, and you will not find it on the twenty-five cent counter. Go to an established and reputable firm. You will find the books there in sound condition, and the firm stands behind them. They are selected with the greatest care; collated by trained bibliographers and gone over with a microscope before they are put on the shelves. Have nothing to do with "seconds," that is, dog-eared, worm-eaten and dilapidated firsts. Buy the best available copies and pay the price asked, even if it does hurt; you'll not regret it for it will prove a good investment as well as a treasured possession. And, above all, do not let yourself be devilled by that meticulous ass who compiles bibliographies, abounding in superlatives, of *the books that he owns himself*. The man who possesses a fine library, and catalogues it himself would be something more than human if he were somewhat less of a liar. His copies are invariably "uncut," "of superlative rarity," "unique," and one reading it is inclined to cry in despair, "What's the use? This bird has got the best of everything!" But wait till you begin to catalogue your own library; you'll get my point.

Auction catalogues and those of the best booksellers are truthful and accurate; they have to be, and they contain mines of invaluable information for the budding bibliophile.

To get back to where we started from —the question of prices. It is somewhere recorded that Doctor Rosenbach once remarked to a friend: "I made a million dollars, yesterday."

"Glad to hear it," said the friend. "In what stock?"

"My own," replied the learned doctor, "I went through my books and marked them all up."

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Lee Hayes Makes a Pilgrimage

BY ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN

A big cattle man from the West does Broadway.

MAYBE "pilgrimage" is not the right word, but whatever the accurate term should be, it was Lee's first visit to New York. Unexpectedly I was his guide, but only in part his mentor.

It was in 1916, after six o'clock of a mid-autumn evening. I had gone over to the Pennsylvania Station to mail an important west-bound letter. I walked back as far as Thirty-third Street and Broadway, where I paused a moment to debate a bachelor's momentous question: should I go up-town or down-town to eat? My personal debate was rudely interrupted.

Some one came up behind me, gave me a tremendous wallop across the back that knocked the wind out of me, and I heard a great, bull-bass voice boom out: "Say, doc, you old son of a gun, where in hell did you come from?"

I knew that voice. There couldn't be two like it in the whole world. I gasped and sputtered, trying to regain my lost breath, then answered Lee in kind. We shook hands with that profound enthusiasm which only two buddies of the open can have, while vistas of Wyoming star-spangled nights, glowing camp-fires, and restless, milling herds of cattle flashed across my mind. The air seemed suddenly sharper, cleaner, more invigorating. The dusk-dimmed sky-line gave a fleeting impression of the Laramie Range with Labonte Canyon alive with fireflies.

Then the mental mirage exploded into the flashing lights of electric signs. It was Lee Hayes in the flesh, but he was on Broadway.

"I spotted you crossing the street right here a bit ago, but I wasn't right sure it was you, so I kept on your trail while you went to the station to mail that letter; then I followed you back this far. I knew it was you by that time, though I'd never seen you in hard-boiled duds and pressed pants before. I knew you by your gait. Folks can look alike, but they don't often walk alike."

The questions flew back and forth. The answers were rapid and spontaneous. Lee Hayes, the taciturn, was talkative, positively garrulous. Reason enough. Four hours in New York in pre-prohibition days had made it easy for a stranger to find and consume twenty-seven drinks, surprisingly well mixed as to variety, but not potent enough to affect the gait of a Wyoming rancher. The only effect had been to lubricate his tongue.

He had sold several hundred head of horses, it seemed, to the French Government and cleared a profit of forty-six thousand dollars. Forty-five thousand of it he had promptly tucked into bank —he was a knowing *hombre*—the other thousand had gone into his pocket as his roll to take him to Chicago and New York, but especially to New York.

Lee Hayes had lived to be twenty-six years old before he ever saw a trolley-

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car. He was one of those rare and unusual beings who had been born in Wyoming. Prior to 1916 his farthest east had been Kansas City and Omaha —as nurse to a train-load of white-faced steers or grass-fattened Mexican "doughies."

Now was the great adventure—all Pullman!

My turn to explain. I was sales manager for a company with headquarters in New York. Followed a little elucidation on my duties, which he reinterpreted: "So you're boss of the round-up and keep your punchers herding strays, riding fences, and watching the *cavvy*."

We were getting a little conspicuous. Lee's six feet four of bronzed, lithe manhood and that booming, bull-bass voice slowed up even the blasé homeward bound. Unconsciously we began to move slowly with the crowd.

"Doc, let's go eat. It's my rustle, but you got to show me where. I know what kind of a chuck-wagon I'm looking for, but I forget what you call 'em. It's one of those places where you sit and eat while the girls come out and dance and sing with music and lights. You know the kind of place I mean."

"A cabaret, Lee?"

"Yes, that's it. You always were good on that highfalutin' lingo. But, mind, nothing but Wyoming horse money's good to-night. I'll tie your nose to your latigo if I ketch you ringing in any of your dirty New York money on my game."

Argument proves useless, so I lead the way to the Pierrot Room at the Martinique, still almost in its heyday for visiting department-store buyers. There is a lively little revue there. We enter conspicuously enough. We are announced by Lee's sun-baked brunette complexion, his six feet four of erect and supple grace, his rolling gait of the born rider, and, above all, by his voice, so absolutely untamed to four walls.

Discreet discussion with the head waiter, then all eyes follow us as we are ushered to a ringside table while our guide pockets a five-dollar bill. I detect glances of admiration—especially from the women—at the free-swinging, unconscious giant, and of mild amusement at the suit with quarter-inch checks which I notice for the first time. I suspect it was bought of the Florence Hardware Company, then budding into Douglas's first department store with a range of wares that included furniture, dynamite, and fulminate-of-mercury caps.

The waiter is patient while we talk, oblivious to his stolid presence. Finally he shuffles and rustles the menus, and the Wyoming scenes fade out and the Pierrot Room rematerializes.

"What shall we eat?" I suggest.

We agree on beefsteak.

"How will you have it—rare, medium, or well done?" asks the waiter with an obsequious pencil poised for action.

Before I can answer, Lee's voice floods the room like a power amplifier: "Just cripple the beef and lead him in; slit him up the hind leg and we'll eat him off the hoof."

It was too sudden, too unexpected for our waiter. Never did I see every vestige of bored composure annihilated so instantaneously from the face of a New York waiter. The effect was electric in the entire room except at a single point.

There was something almost virginal in the complete innocence of Lee Hayes. He was totally unaware of having produced an effect. He was hungry, he wanted beefsteak, he wanted it rare; that was all, except for the alcoholic

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abandon of a tongue that sober was extraordinarily close-reined.

But that room had become an audience for our table.

The lengthy order finally recorded, the waiter departed. We resumed conversation, picking up the threads where they had been dropped nearly four years back on a day when Lee had watched me buy a little blue-roan mare with a reputation for diversified bucking.

His appraising eyes had noted her clean limbs, her wide chest, her spirited carriage. He knew my habit of naming even a casual brood-mare.

"What are you going to call her?" he had asked ingenuously as we rode away after the transaction was completed.

"Betsy."

His answer (perforce altered slightly from the picturesque original) was, "Well, Betsy'll break your back for you," and then, as an afterthought, "but she ought to be a good brood-mare."

That was the last time I had seen Lee. A turn of Fate's wheel a few days later had brought me back East for three or four weeks, as I then thought, but they had stretched into as many years.

There were a thousand questions to ask: How were Malcolm Campbell and Peaky Duncan and Big Joe Koleno? Where did May and Harry Gillmore live? Did Babe Tinney, the barber, still win as consistently at poker? And Jack the Dauber and Bob Lester and Cody Shipley and Jim Williams?

The opening number of the revue interrupted us and we turned a little in our chairs to see the chorus make its entrance. The orchestra drowned out the sounds of the dining-room, and the chorus went into action.

I stole a glance at Lee. His eyes, following the movements of the dancers, were lighted with ecstatic excitement—the same sort of ecstasy one sees in a child watching its first circus. Then while I, too, followed the gyrations and intricate stepping, something clicked in Lee's brain. I was instantly aware of the event, but not fast enough to forestall it.

I looked back at him quickly, but already his hand was coming out of his pocket, and before I could realize what he was planning to do a great handful of silver money went flying out all over the dance-floor, some of the coins first striking against silk-clad and shapely legs before clinking to the floor. The noise was considerable.

Like all truly typical Westerners, Lee was almost unacquainted with pennies and had a strong disdain for paper dollars and two-dollar bills. Silver was the kind of change he wanted and would have. There must have been somewhere between thirty and fifty dollars in quarters, halves, and silver dollars rolling around that floor. Some of the coins were spinning crazily in long arcs, and it seemed as if they were never going to stop spinning and come to rest.

I could hear quick breaths being sucked in all over the room in surprise and astonishment. I could feel the crowd's amusement even before I could hear it. Lee was still too absorbed in the effect on the chorus to be aware of the effect on the audience.

Throw fifty dollars in handy-sized pieces of silver to twelve girls just finishing a dance on a small space and see how minds and muscles co-ordinate to the interrupting idea. The dance, almost over anyway, ended abruptly in a scramble.

Apparently the audience thought this was part of the show, a part that was, perhaps, a pleasant forerunner to the professional goat-getter of the night

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club. But it was evident the *maître d'hôtel* thought otherwise. Supported by a battalion of captains, waiters, and bus boys he moved down on our table. He was voluble, almost vociferous.

It was only then that Lee realized he had departed from conventional behavior at a cabaret, but he was undismayed. He was amused, he grinned disarmingly, and the cohort of waiters and the *maître d'hôtel* were nonplussed, uncertain.

By now the audience had caught the spirit of the occasion, and all manner of change, though mostly of smaller denominations, was being tossed to the dance-floor. The crowd was with Lee, and he sensed their approval and support instantly. He reached out a long arm, and a powerful hand passed with lightning speed to the back of the neck of the head waiter, who suddenly found himself drawn down in chancery with his head tucked neatly in the bend of Lee's right elbow while a sun-tanned left hand was thrusting a yellow-backed twenty-dollar bill into the hand of his helpless victim.

"Here, take this and call off your pack of slumgullion hounds and make yourself scarce, Old Timer," Lee admonished the head waiter. "We're not breaking china, furniture, nor faces. We're right peaceable and we'll stay thataway if you give us a chance."

I added my assurance of good behavior.

An astonishing number of men can find balm for hurt dignity in a twenty-dollar bill. Peace was restored, but I was more alert to forestall what might be expected from Lee Hayes's stimulation of ideas.

The audience was convinced now that we were part and parcel of the scheduled programme of entertainment. They were enjoying us hugely. I knew we were part of the entertainment, but not according to schedule. I was enjoying it, too, but with apprehension. Lee didn't even know we had any part in it. He thought he was being entertained. So he was, and that made us all about even up.

The waiter arrived, staggering under his loaded tray, and the meal began to array itself before us, a truly Lucullan banquet. The oysters, ordered with misgivings by a man who never before had seen them in their shells or in any way but in cans, delighted him until a little pink crab stirred up new doubts.

"What kind of a new-fangled bug is that?" His stentorian inquiry was almost a challenge. I explained nonchalantly, but Lee was suspicious and left it uneaten, even though I had the good fortune to find a duplicate in one of my oysters and illustrated the proper method of despatch.

The planked beefsteak, gorgeously panoplied with peas, mushrooms, and flutings of mashed potatoes, aroused his enthusiasm. "That's food, doc; that's food and no mistake. That's regular hegrub and I'm all for it, but what kind of a cactus is that?"

I explained that it was the French artichoke he had ordered.

"And to think I insisted on having one of those," remarked Lee dryly. "Well, I'll try your green armadillo once, but I figure on sticking to potatoes for regular meals. Shall I say grace, doc, or will we jest fall to?"

We "fell to," listening the while to a plaintive song dripping with sentiment. Lee liked that, too.

The meal progressed smoothly. We were both hungry and kept busy. Tranquillity prevailed until the first pangs of an outdoor appetite were appeased.

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Then in one of those moments of almost intense stillness which seems to hit every large assemblage just about once in an evening, memory came surging up through the alcohol fumes in Lee's brain, and his titanic voice broke that awful moment of silence with a more awful question.

"Say, doc, did Betsy ever break your back for you?" (And again it has been necessary to change a single word.)

A cabaret or a night club crowd likes broad comedy—the broader the more enthusiastic the *accueil*. The breadth of this comedy comment suited the audience, delighted it, overwhelmed it—and me, too.

It was a hysterical greeting for that question, with the explosive quality which surprise gives to laughter. Shrieks, high cackles, and deep-mouthed guffaws burst forth in a perfect flood of sound. Lee liked that. He joined in and so did I, helplessly and with a wry twist. I was profoundly thankful there was not one other soul in that room that knew me. There was no redress. It would never cross the mind of any one there that Betsy was a bucking bronco.

The rest of the evening in the Pierrot Room was uneventful, but the strain did not let up for me. Every time Lee opened his mouth to speak, I trembled for what picture of my past might come forth for further distortion, but at last the check was paid and we were outward bound.

Lee's next great desire was a burlesque show. He had heard of them but never seen one. The house was crowded, only a proscenium box to be had. More limelight, more difficulties, but I was willing, though I was sure it would be a strain. Not this time. The generous dinner, the warm air, and the drinks brought a great sense of peace and well-being to Lee Hayes, who slept during all but the first ten minutes. Perhaps it was uncharitable, but I did not disturb him until the theatre was nearly empty; then I woke him up and we strolled out into the crisp night-air and down to his hotel, where I found new proof of Lee's sagacity.

Upon his arrival that afternoon, he had decided he could remain in New York five days and no more. Accordingly he had paid in advance for his room, had bought return railroad and Pullman tickets, and had given these and fifty dollars in cash to the hotel clerk to keep for him. With the rest of his roll in his pocket, he had set out to see the sights of New York and have a good time. He did both and he got value received at his own appraisal, and that is all any one can ever hope to do.

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Hacking New York

BY ROBERT HAZARD

These are the real experiences of a New York taxi-driver, and in effect they present New York of to-day in a series of graphic short stories.

CAME TO NEW YORK

I CAME to New York just to see the sights, particularly Greenwich Village, and I made some friends in the Village. About that time my money ran low, and I thought I had better get something to do to live on. Hack-driving seemed to be a very handy way to see New York and eat at the same time, so I talked to hack-drivers about the business of getting a license. Following their instructions I first got a chauffeur's license from the State. Then I went over to the taxi-license bureau and got an application.

In the application I was supposed to put down the names of my employers for the past five years. My employers for the previous five years were scattered all over the United States and I had forgotten how many there were, so I got out a newspaper and turned to the legal notices and picked out the names of five bankrupt firms.

I had to declare whether I had ever been in jail or not and, if so, when, where, and how. I had been in jail once out in California along with another fellow, but we had slipped the jailer two dollars and he had locked us in a cell previously occupied by some yeggs who had dynamited a hole in the floor and dug a tunnel out along the sewer-pipes, so we got out and caught the next train. As this left no record, I felt no uneasiness in answering the question with a "no."

The application required me to have two men in New York who owned their own business make out vouchers for me stating they had known me so long and I was thoroughly honest and reliable, etc., and swear to them before a notary public. I went into the delicatessen-store and bought about a dollar's worth of provisions and got the delicatessen dealer to make one out without having it sworn. I went into the cigar-store next door, bought a carton of Camels, and got him to fill out the other one. Then I had to get my last previous employer sign another voucher for me, swearing that I was of unblemished character and that he was eager to hire me again. I had one of the Greenwich Villagers swear he had employed me as chauffeur. Then I went back to the license bureau, and there are a lot of notary publics located around there who will let you swear to anything for a quarter apiece. As I remember it, there was a dollar's worth of swearing to be done.

Next the hack-drivers told me I would have to stand an examination as to knowledge of the city—all the piers, hotels, out-of-the-way streets, etc. I would have to be finger-printed and would have to leave photographs of myself, which would be investigated by the police department for ten days to see

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if I had any police record. But they also informed me that by slipping a certain man in the office ten dollars I could avoid all these formalities and get a license right away. They told me how to pick him out. I went in and spotted him all right, called him over to one side, introduced myself, and shook hands with him, with a ten in my palm. He said: "Have they got anything on you?"

I said: "Nope."

"Come back at two o'clock."

I went back at two o'clock, and he had the book and badge and everything all ready for me.

About five years later when I was in there I heard them examining some applicants as to their knowledge of the city. They asked them the location of some places I don't know yet.

BREAKING INTO THE TAXI GAME

When I got my license I already had a job in sight. I went to work the same day for a fellow who had one cab. He drove it himself in the daytime and hired me as night driver. He had a stand-in with the private cops at Grand Central and told me how to work it there, so I made my start in the height of the rush hour at Grand Central. Luckily my first call was to Penn Station, and I knew where that was anyway, but I didn't know where cars were supposed to drive in, so I set him off on Eighth Avenue. Apparently he didn't know any better either, and I got just as good a tip as one might expect.

The next call was down-town somewhere. I hadn't a notion where it was, so I started off in the direction I was headed, and after going a block and a half I turned and said: "Well, now, where is that place anyway?" They didn't want to get out after having gone that far, so they told me how to get there and I made out all right. I worked that scheme right along and didn't have any trouble, though I got into some terrible mix-ups making theatre calls—I did get some awful bawlings out from the cops in the theatre district—in fact, I made more in a way than I made after I knew the city. I got a call to Coney Island and rambled all over Brooklyn, ran up about twelve dollars on the clock, and got it with a substantial tip without a whimper. I never would have had the nerve to pull anything as rough as that if I had known how to get there. I never have got as much since for a trip to Coney Island.

TRAFFIC

At first I was always violating traffic regulations. I tried telling the cops that I was new at the business as an excuse for getting tangled up, but I found that didn't do any good at all. They said: "Aw, that's what they all say."

During the first two or three months I got about all the different kinds of summonses there are. However, I became pretty good at talking them out of it. If a taxi-driver tells a cop that he didn't know about it or it wasn't his fault, he is sunk; he'll get a ticket sure. But if you admit that you pulled a boner or that you didn't think he was looking or something of that sort, they are very apt to let you off, because they know that we make our living on the streets day and night in all weather just the same as they do.

I got caught passing a street-car on the wrong side on East Broadway and got a summons for the eight-foot law, which carries a minimum fine of twenty dollars. The cop says: "What's the matter? You ought to know better than that."

I said: "Well, we have been passing

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those cars on the wrong side right along; it's the only way to get by them; and I didn't know they had a cop here."

When I appeared in traffic court the cop had about a dozen truck-drivers that he had given summonses to for not keeping close enough to the curb. This violation carries a small fine. He lined me right up with the truck-drivers, and the clerk of the court read off the one charge for the whole outfit, then went through the papers and said to every one, "How do you plead?" and we all said, "Guilty, guilty, guilty," down the line. The judge said, "Two dollars apiece," so we filed past the cashier and handed in our two bucks.

There is an ordinance that taxis are not allowed to stand except at designated hack-stands. This ordinance is enforced only on special occasions in case the property-owners complain or there is some particular reason. I used to stand down in front of the Customs House, which is forbidden territory, and got good business there in the daytime. The cops would merely chase me out once in a while. One day the cop came along with a man in plain clothes. He told the cop to give me a summons for standing there. The cop stalled around and said he thought I hadn't been there very long and asked me what I was standing there for. I told him I had had a call down there and had stopped to light a cigarette. The cop was going to let me off but the other fellow insisted on his giving me a summons.

When we get up in traffic court the cop said: "Say anything you want when you get up there. I tore up your record." (The courts keep a full record of every taxicab chauffeur's summonses and the disposition made of them, and it is supposed to be laid before the judge along with each new summons.) I told the judge the same story I had told the cop. The cop said I had been there only a minute or two. So the judge let me off with a dollar fine.

Some hack-drivers have a terrible grouch against cops, but they are usually the kind of men who never could be in the wrong; such a thing just couldn't happen. I have run into some pretty low skunks among the cops, but take them all in all, I think they are a very decent body of men.

The traffic-court magistrates are very rough on taxi-drivers, but I think, after all, they have to be. It certainly is true that a taxi-driver isn't in a position to plead ignorance.

I was up in the traffic court for a second-offense speeding, the fine for which is fifty dollars, which I could ill afford to pay. I thought of trying to talk them out of it, but watching the cases ahead of me, it seemed as though the ones who talked got charged for it. One fellow told about how he had eight children to support and couldn't spare the money. The judge said: "I will take all that into consideration in your case and make it as easy as I can for you. Fifty dollars or ten days." I thought I might just as well keep my mouth shut. The cop said if I wanted to plead guilty and pay the fine, I could go before another judge and get it over quick, so I joined the procession through the judge's private rooms.

The clerk at the door kept mumbling: "How do you plead?"

The defendants, "Guilty, guilty, guilty," as they went by.

The judge: "Fifty dollars apiece."

The cashier took in the money and gave receipts.

Well, after all, I knew I was speeding and was figuring on not getting

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caught. And I expect the man with the eight children knew he was speeding, too, and he probably knew he had the eight children; that is, if he did actually have them.

GRAND CENTRAL

I found a summons in the mail one morning to appear before the commissioner of licenses on the complaint of the New York Central. I didn't know just what it was all about. There had been about half a dozen of us who had been slipping the special cop at the entrance on Vanderbilt Avenue fifty cents a night to look the other way and give us a chance to pick up calls there. That entrance is intended for private cars and independent taxicabs to discharge passengers. In spite of the fact that the company cabs have a private entrance down on the level where the trains come in, where they have starters and signs and everything to direct the people where to get the cabs, a lot of passengers come up to that Vanderbilt Avenue entrance, so there is good business there, and they are usually good calls. On that account the company has to put a special cop there to chase the taxicabs out, because cabs discharging passengers will linger as long as possible in the hope of picking up one, thus preventing other cars from coming in. Our understanding with the cop was that we were to linger only so long, and if we didn't get anything, we were to cruise around the block, then dodge in again. We all knew when the trains were breaking and how to manage it.

The cop got hungry and let a whole lot more in on the racket, and there got to be so many of us, there was scarcely enough business for us and everybody was inclined to stall longer.

I went down to the license bureau at the time specified in the summons. There was a whole crowd of hackmen who worked around Grand Central.

The commissioner called us all into his office, closed and locked the door. "Now," he said, "you are all old-timers and I can speak frankly. I know the situation there at Grand Central. We tried to have the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance declared a public hack-stand and protect your rights there. We even went to court with it, but the Railroad Company owns the property, and we lost. Now, you've got me into a jam. The president of the New York Central tried to drive in there in his limousine Monday, and there were so damned many taxicabs in there stalling that he couldn't get in and had to get out in the middle of the street and walk in. There has been a lot of pressure put on me to make an example of you fellows, but I'm not going to do it. I brought you up here to serve notice on you that if any of you fellows get caught stalling in there again, I'll break you. And don't come up here with any letter from any politician or with any hard-luck story. This is fair warning."

TWO WOMEN AND BENNY LEONARD

I had a call to Grand Central. As I let the party out, I knew there was a train breaking right then. The cop was after us, chasing the empty cabs out. I stalled, putting the money in my pocket, closing the cab door, putting the flag up, and still the people weren't coming out from the train. Just then a cab cut in in front of me so that held me for a while. The cop tried to make me back up and get out, and while I was monkeying around, I managed to stall the motor, so I had to get out and crank it. The cop was frothing at the mouth. By

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the time I got back on the cab, two middle-aged women came out and wanted a taxi, so I opened the door for them, and the cop was fit to be tied. They got in. They wanted to tell me right there all about where they were going, but I told them I would drive outside and they could tell me then.

I got out and pulled up at the curb and they gave me an address away up in the Bronx. They said they were going to visit their niece who was teaching school in New York. I knew from their accent they came from the Middle West the same as I did. They might have been my own aunts. Well, when I got them clear up in the Bronx, I found there wasn't any such number. It was away after dark; business places were closed. I tried to hunt up the woman's name in the telephone-book. It wasn't there. I tried looking for the same number on streets that had similar names; couldn't find it. Finally I called up the Board of Education; I didn't expect to find anybody there, but I did, and they hunted up this woman's address from their records, so I drove to that address. The landlady said she had moved, but she had her address. I took that address, chased it down, and, by golly, it was right; she was really there. Well, the two women were too pleased and grateful for anything, and one of them said: "And it's only four fifty. Isn't that reasonable." She handed me five dollars and they both thanked me. Well, sir, I just simply didn't have the heart to break the sad news to them that it was fourteen fifty on the clock. I took the five-spot and thanked them, drove off, and kicked myself all the way downtown. I says to myself: "I'll certainly have to go like hell to-night to make up that ten bucks for the boss."

I ran along and ran along, picking up short calls, and figuring I would have to turn in an I. O. U. Finally I made the break at the fight at the Garden, and I picked up Benny Leonard and four other pugs. I took them up to 114th Street and Seventh Avenue. There was two forty on the clock. Benny says, "How much is it?" and I says: "Three eighty." Benny hands me four bills. Three of them were ones and one was a ten. I thanked him but started in second.

THE FORD AND CHATHAM SQUARE

I bought a Ford taxi painted brown and white and made much better money for a time cruising for business at the then low rate of thirty cents a mile than I had made before bucking the lines, but as time went on more and more cabs were painted brown and white, a lot of the cab-stands were abandoned, and there got to be more cabs cruising than there was business, so I tried playing some of the old deserted stands again.

I picked out one on Seventh Avenue and did pretty well there, but the others who saw me standing there took to playing the stand too, so pretty soon there were eight or ten cabs on the stand. Then some of the old-time buckers came back on the stand with high-rate clocks. They claimed that the stand was an old buckers' stand and it rightly belonged to them. One by one they managed to chase the low-rate men off the stand, and finally I was the only one left. As long as I played the stand, I naturally got the preference with a low-rate clock, and the buckers, of course, didn't like that, so I finally decided I couldn't hold the thing down all by myself.

I went to another one of the old-time abandoned stands. The same thing happened there.

Finally I tried standing at Chatham

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Square at the corner of Mott Street, which is Chinatown. I did well there for quite a while, as the drivers of low-rate cabs weren't so quick to line up behind me on the stand because the neighborhood has a very bad reputation.

I found the Chinese to be very good customers. I didn't overcharge them, and they appreciated the fact and gave me lots of good business.

It was quite an interesting location. There is supposed to be a cop on post there all the time, and the cops and plain-clothes men were passing all the time. In spite of this fact, a couple of pickpockets used to hang out on the corner there in front of the cigar-store. I got quite well acquainted with them. They didn't seem to be at all reticent about the business. The little thin one who did the real work showed up in a nice new suit one day and I spoke about it. He said: "Yes, I have been needing a suit for a long time, but business has been terrible. You have no idea. I ordered this suit made quite a while ago, paid a deposit on it, but couldn't get it out. I promised the tailor to get it out yesterday. I got up in the morning and I just had car-fare. Well, coming down on the car I got a guy for sixteen dollars. The conny (conductor) was one of these fifty-fifty guys. I told him I only got six and gave him three. I should give him eight! What did he do to earn it? That give me thirteen, and I owed thirty-five on the suit. Well, I changed to another car and got another guy for ten. By the time I got down here I had enough to get the suit out, and now I'm broke again."

I says: "How is it about getting caught? Have much trouble that way?"

"Oh," he says, "it's bad now. It ain't what it used to be. It used to be that if you got a stretch the warden would let you out if he knew you, and all you had to do was to show up when he needed you, when the inspectors were around or something like that, and turn him in a bit every day. But that's no good any more. A lot of crooks got into the game and didn't show up when he told them to and got him into a jam. You can't blame him; he's got to protect himself."

VAIT FOR HIM

I was playing the Chatham line one Tuesday night when business was dull. The drivers all gathered up around one of the cabs and got to talking. One said he had a good waiting call. Another said: "Waiting call. You don't know anything about good waiting calls. Listen to this one. Remember last Wednesday it was raining? I was on day shift and I picks this guy up in the mornin', big, swell-lookin' guy, and he keeps me the whole day, just short runs and waitin'. Along in the afternoon he goes into a swell apartment-house. Well, I waited an hour and I commenced to get worried, so I goes in and asks the elevator-man if he knows this guy. He says: 'Sure, he's all right. His name's Klein; he's here right along.' So I goes back and sits in the cab; smokin' cigarettes; and the rain drizzlin' down steady, and I waits another hour. Then I goes in and asks the telephone-operator to call this guy up and ask him if he wants the cab to wait any longer. He says: 'Tell him to wait; I want him to wait.'

"Well, half past four come and I was supposed to be in the garage by four, but I didn't know what to do, so I called up the boss and told him about it, and asked him what to do. The boss is a Jew. He says: 'You ah gattING a dollAH end a hef an ouAH end die cah is stendING? VAIT for him! VAIT for him!

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If it is rainING go inSIDE; get a cup COFFee but VAIT for him! VAIT for him! Get in die bek of die ceb; mek yourself comfortable but VAIT for him! VAIT for him!'

"I got in the cab and waited and waited. Six o'clock come and seven o'clock, and the metre was clicking right along. I got out and wound it up once in a while. Nine o'clock come and there was thirty-five dollars on the clock, and I gets worried again, so I had the telephone-operator call him up again. He says: 'You tell him I want him to wait for me; if he's scared of his money, I'll pay him now. But I want him to wait for me.'

"I told the doorman I'd pay for the coffee and sandwiches for the bunch if he would go and get 'em, so I minded the door and he went and got lunch for us. Then I crawled back in the cab and took a nap for a while. I was scared to call him up any more for fear he'd get sore.

"He never came out until seven o'clock the next mornin'. He was lookin' terrible. He had a girl with him. 'Now,' he says, 'I want you to drive me over to Tiffany's because I want to buy my sweetie some jewelry.' Well, we drives down Fifth Avenue and stops in front of Tiffany's, and they ain't open yet, so we waits there, and the cop was givin' us the eye. He looked terrible. Finally they opened the store and they starts to go in and the doorman won't let 'em in. Oh, he looked terrible. He pulls out the roll and the doorman lets him in then. Then the clerks wasn't goin' to wait on him, until he gets the roll out, and then he got service.

"After that he drops the girl off at the apartment-house and I takes him up to New Rochelle. What a call!

"Well, that wasn't all there was to it. You see, this guy was one of the big men in the Mongoose Taxi Manufacturing Company, and the boss said that Goldberg, you know, the head salesman, called up about it. Well, the next day this Goldberg comes over when I am turnin' in and the boss says he wanted me to take him over to the Astor, and for me to take him; the night-man can wait. Goldberg got in and I started off with him. He sat on one of the little seats so he could talk to me. He says: 'Did you have a party named Klein Wednesday?'

"I says: 'That I couldn't say. Maybe I did. Maybe I didn't.'

"He says: 'I'm the head salesman of the Mongoose Taxi Manufacturing Company. What I say goes with your boss. I can have you fired.'

"I says: 'Well, maybe you can and maybe you can't.'

"He says: 'You rode that man around all day, didn't you?'

"I says: 'Maybe I did and maybe I didn't.'

"He says: 'You took him down to the —— Apartment-House, didn't you?'

"I says: 'I couldn't say. Maybe I did and maybe I didn't.'

"Then he says: 'Where did you take him from there?'

"I says: 'I couldn't say.'

"He kept at me all the way over to the Astor and then he told me to wait for him. I didn't want to wait for him, so in about half an hour I tells the doorman to find out if he wanted me to wait, and, if not, to get the money. The doorman came back and gave me six dollars and a half. He said the guy didn't want me to wait and asked him how much was on the clock, so he says six dollars and a half. I only had a buck twenty on the clock, so I offered to split

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it with him, but he didn't want nothin'.

"Well, the next day the boss said that Goldberg had complained that I overcharged him. I said I didn't overcharge him, and the boss says: 'Whaddayu mean you didn't overcharge him?' I wouldn't tell him no more than that I didn't overcharge him. Well, that night this Goldberg was back again and he says: 'You're the fresh taxi-driver that charged me six dollars and a half to take me over to the Astor, and you wouldn't give me no information.'

"I says: 'Did you give me six dollars and a half?'

" 'Well, no,' he said, 'I gave it to the doorman.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'you'd better talk to the doorman.'

"So him and the boss got in the cab and we goes over to the Astor again. The same doorman was on, you know, that big Irishman. Goldberg says to him: 'Did this man tell you there was six dollars and a half on the clock when he was waiting for me yesterday?'

"The doorman says: 'And who arrh you to be askin' me quistions? Whaht autthority have you got?'

" 'Well,' says Goldberg, 'I just wanted to know.'

" 'Well,' says the doorman, 'if it's any satisfaction to yuh he didn't tell me nothin' whaht was on the clock. I told yuh there was six fifty on the clock and you paid me six fifty, and whaht I done with the six fifty is me own business, and what was on the clock I don't know. End is thir iny more quistions yud like to ask?'

"I drove them back to the garage and the boss says to Goldberg, 'You didn't pay the driver. There's a dollar forty on the clock,' so Goldberg paid me the dollar forty."

SWEET CAPS

I was standing with the Flivver taxi at Sixth Avenue and 4th Street late one night hoping to pick up a couple of stray up-towners too drunk to get home on the subway. I saw a couple coming but they didn't look like business. They weren't drunk, and though the girl was all dressed up, she looked rather thin and worried and the man was little and shabby. They stopped alongside of the cab and looked me over.

The girl said: "Are you working? I may have a job for you in a little while."

"Sure, I'll be here."

She looked across the street, and following her glance I saw a well-dressed man, well lit.

She said to her companion: "That John looks like a live one. Wait here." And she crossed the street.

He took a quick look up and down the street and seemed satisfied and said: "How's business?"

"Tough."

"Nobody's got any money since the war's over."

"I used to make good jack in the shipyards," I said, "but they're all shut down now. I saved some money and bought this hack when things got bad."

"Did you work in the shipyards too? Christ, it was good, wasn't it? I was bucking up before the war, so I got right on rivetin'. What dough we made! Twelve and fifteen cents on shell! I got as much as ten cents on buttonsets in the intercostals."

"Too bad the war didn't last forever, hey?"

"I saved up a big stake but I lost it. I bought a gin-mill and cabaret down here, butyuh can't make no money at it. Yuh have to slip it all as fast as yuh make it, and when yuh can't come

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across with all they want, they break yuh."

As he talked he kept a sharp lookout. He looked to me to be pretty small for a riveter. Riveting is hard, heavy work, but a few small men make good at it; some of the best I've ever seen. They don't last long at it, though. The strain breaks them down in a few years. I'm big and strong, but my right arm started to go dead and numb after five years with the hammer.

The girl returned looking discouraged. "He's too far gone," she said. "The booze they sell now is sumpin' terrible." Then to him: "Got a cigarette?"

"No, that was the last one."

She rummaged around in her purse for some time and handed him a coin. "You can get a pack of Sweet Caps."

He walked over to the drug-store and she said: "I never saw business so bad. And the cops—my God! I'm just after doing thirty days in Bedford."

I said: "There was a lush here last night you coulda had; too bad you weren't around."

"Think of that. And I didn't get a thing all last night."

"Have you got a room?"

"No; you can't use no room on account of the cops. I always get a taxi. I tell 'em the taxi is five bucks. Of course, if he won't pay the driver that much, I make up the difference myself."

The man returned and they lit their cigarettes. "Here comes one, maybe," the man said. "I'll look him over." He hurried off.

"He's a prince of a fellow. He usta make big money but his health gave out. He ain't strong enough for that shipyard work. He spent a lot on me." Her thin, tense face looked very wistful.

The man came back looking hopeful. "I think you can get that John."

She powdered her nose and hurried off.

He posted himself to watch and said: "She's a great kid. I met her in the cabaret before I bought it. I spent a pile of dough on her. She's made a lot of money. She don't spend no time on 'em at all. Just long enough to get her hooks on that fifteen bucks, and out they go."

The girl returned dejected. "He's no good. Lookin' for charity—them damned school-teachers."

"Here comes a dick," the man said.

"Did he spot us yet?"

"No."

"So long, buddy," they said and hurried off.

[More adventures in the next number.]

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Phillippa Comes to My House

BY NORTON MINOR

In spite of the fact that Jock had never cantered better in his life I was in a rather bad mood. To find Clare at the house, having tea with Rosalie, did not improve my temper, you may be sure. Clare has the gift of antagonizing me more than any one else I know. When she and Rosalie get together I feel like a rank outsider if I am there. If I'm not there, I know that Rosalie tells her all her woes, and all the trouble she has with me in particular, and that Clare eggs her on. I suppose that I should be thankful that Rosalie has some one to go around with, for Lonsdale Hills is a pretty lonesome place, and Rosalie has felt that she did not want to live in the city since that accident left her lovely face so scarred. Poor girl, she still is unbelievably beautiful, and people look at her for that reason, but she is so conscious of the jagged line along her jaw, and the puckering marks on her cheeks, that I don't blame her for not wanting to be seen. Living in the country is no hardship for me, as Red Oak Manor has been my home as long as I can remember, and I've always loved the old place. Rosalie was happy here, too, I think, until Clare came to Five Gables, the estate next to ours, and kept her reminded of all her troubles. That woman is a born mischief-maker, and although I never say a pleasant word to her, she has the irritating habit of fawning on me. As I came in in my riding-habit she greeted me with:

"We've been admiring your riding, Fenton." (Liar! I knew she hadn't seen me!) I grunted a reply, and she shook her jade earrings at me.

"Clare has the most wonderful plan, my dear," said Rosalie, as she poured out some tea for me. "She wants me to go to Europe with her this summer. Wouldn't that be splendid?"

I blinked. Two years before I had wanted to go abroad, and Rosalie had flatly refused to go, on the ground that evening dress and hotel life made her too conspicuous, and that Caroline and Edith, our two daughters, would be a nuisance if they went, and could not be left at home. This year she knew that I could not possibly go, as the condition of the market made it imperative for me to be within a day's journey of New York if the fortune my grandfather left me were not to go completely to the four winds.

"What about the children?" I asked. But Rosalie, when she is determined on a thing, suffers no obstacle to block her way.

"The children will go to camp," she stated decisively. "They're almost old enough to take care of themselves anyway, Fenton. And you will be here most of the time, you know. I don't see why, just because I have children, I shouldn't be able to have any fun at all, when other women, who can't afford as competent governesses as I can, never spend any time with their children at all."

"Do you really want to go?" I asked her.

"Don't be silly! Of course I want to go. And there won't be any publicity

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about it, Fenton, for Clare and I will travel simply, like two grammar-school teachers on a holiday. It won't be as though 'Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Phillips, well known, etcetera, travelling in Europe with their children,' were going to be in all the rotogravure sections. We'll take assumed names on the boat and travel very Cookily. Oh, it will be all right, Fenton, and Clare and I are going to town Saturday to make the arrangements."

"All right, my dear." There was no reason why she shouldn't go if she wanted to, I suppose, though, after the way she had tried to insist that morning that the new japonica ought to go right in one corner of the lawn where it spoiled the view of the sea, and incidentally interfered with my plan for a new jump, I was not inclined to be very agreeable about it. Then a thought occurred to me.

"But Saturday Pete is coming to see us with his girl——"

"Bother Pete and his girl! I'll be back for dinner, and they are not coming until afternoon. Besides, it's the only chance I'll have, and I can't see giving up a trip to Europe just because your brother is bringing his fiancée to see us." If we had been alone, I'm sure that she would have added, "Pete is nothing to me"; not that she really objects to my brother, but when Rosalie feels belligerent she goes considerably beyond literalness.

So Saturday I drove the roadster over to meet Pete myself. I wondered what his future would be, as I drove, and thought how strangely the dead can influence the living. For Pete's life and mine were laid down for us by the will of our grandfather, who was very wealthy. Brought up in the English school of thought, he had come to believe in the English tradition of the eldest son's getting all the gravy. My father was killed in a hunting accident when Pete was a baby, so grandfather left Red Oak Manor to me along with the major part of the Phillips fortune, and had left poor Pete a mere pittance, that he might have a "gentleman's education." Pete interpreted that as meaning college and law school, and was now in the last year of the latter. For myself, management of my money took too much of my time for me to hold any other position, and left me enough leisure to be lonely for masculine society other than that of the idlers who may be found drinking and playing bridge in any club.

I got to the station early, and walked up and down waiting for the train. I was awfully glad Pete was coming, for, although he is fifteen years my junior, we have always got along with each other very well. I wondered what his fiancée would be like. Her name was Phillippa Endicott, and she came of a good old Boston family. Pete had stated that she was not a flapper, thank goodness. She probably is plain but well bred, I thought to myself. And then the train pulled in and I saw them. Pete was as tall and quiet and good-looking as ever, with a happier look on his face than I had ever seen before. But, to tell the truth, I hardly looked at Pete after saying "Hello" to him. What there was about Phillippa that held my attention I can't say to this day. She was simply dressed, boyishly in fact, with a plain, small gray hat and a gray suit with a high collar. She wasn't pretty, or handsome, or beautiful. She had in a way the typical Boston face, with a short upper lip and a firm, strong chin. But something seemed to emanate from her gray eyes that was absolutely fas-

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cinating to me. It may have been that she had long eyelashes, but they weren't as long as Rosalie's and didn't curl as much. Her hair was brown and fluffy, and was, I learned when she took her hat off later, cut short and close to her head like a man's in back. I'm quite sure it wasn't a physical attraction; I think I'm past that stage. In fact, it was most unphysical. I remember when I first saw Paris I was filled with the same sort of dazed and awed sense of home and sympathy. That was it—sympathy—not the black-crape "I-knew-him-when" kind indulged in by old ladies at funerals, but a fundamental sense of feeling with, which is what the French mean when they say *sympathique*. When I saw Phillippa, with her erect carriage and quaint, intelligent face, I felt as though she and I had always felt the same about things. In speaking of her to Rosalie afterward, I decided that it must be purely a personal feeling, for Rosalie's opinion of her seemed to be:

"A sweet girl, Fenton, but no style. She'll probably make Pete very comfortable, though. Those New England women are all good housekeepers," and Rosalie ended the subject of Phillippa with a downward swoop of the brush on her glistening red hair. That's where women have the advantage of us. The least of them, I imagine, can use a brush with all the telling effect of a gavel, but who ever saw a man look anything but ridiculous with a pair of military brushes in his hands?

I seemed to see less than usual of Rosalie that spring, for she and Clare were busying themselves with proper travelling equipment. Pete came down once to see me about business. It was early in April, and the day was rather warm, so at twilight we wandered down to the bay and watched the killies jump as we sat on the edge of the dock. If we had been women we should probably have been talkative and confidential, but we were both rather silent about the things that interested us most. Pete didn't ask me how I liked Phillippa, but about how much it would cost them to live, and whether I thought he could ever earn enough to make her comfortable. Although he only spoke around the subject, I knew that he loved Phillippa as very few people ever love, with all the quiet intensity and goodness of his character.

When Rosalie sailed at the end of May, Pete was deep in preparation for examinations and could not get down to see her off. I took Edith and Caroline with me, and they were so excited at being on an ocean liner that they almost forgot to be sorry that their mother was leaving them. I knew I should be lonely without her and hoped she would miss me. It was the first time in thirteen years we had been separated for any length of time, and, if Clare had not been there, we might both have broken down, for I believed then, as I know now, that Rosalie still does care for me somewhat. But Clare, although she was officiously arranging the flowers and fruit around the good-sized stateroom (they were consistent enough to the original plan of quiet simplicity not to have reserved the bridal suite!), was present, and my intense dislike of her held my stronger feeling in check a bit. Rosalie promised to write and cable frequently, and to let me know if her letter of credit were not sufficient. It was a strangely empty sensation for me to watch the boat back out from the pier and then swing round in midstream, to sail down the river. I remember the little red tugboats, with their stems pad-

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ded with rope until they looked like lions' manes, screaming and backing and pushing like mad, with soiled deck-hands in striped jerseys flinging ropes to the big liner, or letting them drop into the water with a swish. It was a scene familiar to any one who has ever travelled or been much in New York; I had seen the same thing times without number, yet never has the sooty smoke seemed so black as it bulged out of the smoke-stacks of the tugs, nor the tang of the salt air blowing up from the lower bay, and mingling with the dock smell of bilge and flotsam, been so keen. Edith began to cry, more from fright and a sense of fitness than from anything else, so I took her and Caroline to the Aquarium and to see the animals in Central Park before we drove home.

Pete brought Phillippa down to spend the next week-end, when her family had conceded that Mrs. Parker, our housekeeper, constituted a sufficient chaperon. We all rode together along the wooded back-country roads. That girl sat a horse as though she were born to it. I can see her now, holding Mike, the big brown hunter, to a canter, and laughing back at us as a branch swept her hat off as she passed. She wasn't a coquette, at any rate not an artificial one of the débutante variety. Everything she did was done frankly and naturally. After our ride she poured tea for us, sitting in my great-grandmother's Sheraton chair—the one Rosalie had wanted to discard before the rage for antiques came in. She was almost like a piece of Sheraton furniture herself, with her classical lack of gewgaws, either physical or mental. If we talked of fishing, she showed interest, instead of sitting back and looking bored, as most women would have done. It wasn't just tact on her part, either; she was genuinely interested, and now and then asked a question in her low-pitched, kindly voice. She smoked a cigarette as though she enjoyed it, and without the simpering devilishness of a hundred affected women I have seen.

That night I left Pete alone with her, and retired to my library on the pretext of writing letters. I had to do it, for they were engaged, and did not have much time alone together, but God knows I could not write, nor even read. Every word she had said, every gesture she had made, went through and through my brain. Good Lord! was I, at forty, idiot enough to fall in love with a girl of twenty-two, and my brother's fiancée to boot? On thinking it over carefully I decided that I was. I probably had been sitting with my mouth agape, proclaiming that fact to all the world. Luckily Rosalie wasn't there—what would she have thought? What did Pete and Phillippa think? Ah, well, they were in love, and probably would not have noticed if I had stood on my head. But I should have to be more careful, or the servants would notice my demeanor and start gossiping about what happens when the cat's away. Thank Heaven, that cat of a Clare was not there, or there would have been eyebrow raisings everywhere. I'd have to try being brusque to Phillippa; I trusted I could.

I wondered if perhaps I shouldn't ask them to come any more, but, as Red Oak Manor had been Pete's home always I did not see how I could do that. Besides, it wasn't as though she and I cherished a guilty passion for each other. She probably didn't give a hang about me, except as I was her brother-in-law to be, I decided. And my feeling for her was more adoration than passion; I ven-

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erated her too much to think of wanting to touch her. I wondered if I were being faithless to Rosalie in deriving so much pleasure from the company of another woman, but I thought of her as admiringly as ever; in fact, the elation of the new emotion made me think perhaps even more affectionately of my wife than I had before. It was a curious sensation.

When the children went away to camp I felt decidedly lonely. Luckily I had to be in the city more than ever, as the usual July lull in the stock-market had not occurred, and my time was pretty well filled. Pete stayed on in Boston to be with Phillippa. When her family went away to the country he brought her down to stay at Red Oak Manor for a month. Wall Street quieted down, and we were all together through the hot, breezeless August days. In the daytime Pete and Phillippa played tennis together, or walked down to the edge of the water and found a shady place to read. We all swam together in the mornings or, if it chanced to be cool enough, rode over the dry, dusty roads. I tried to be brusque to Phillippa, as I had promised myself, and always rode some distance ahead of her and Pete, lest my presence be a strain on their pleasure. I tried to treat her in the rude manner I had always treated Clare, though it tore my heart to do it. I began to have a cowardly longing to tell her that I didn't mean the seemingly disdainful grunts and growls—not that she acted any differently to me on their account—in fact, sometimes she looked at me with such serene and understanding good humor in her face that I had the alarming feeling that she understood my motive and forgave me.

One day when we were going to ride I came down-stairs and found her in my library. It always astonished me that she could dress faster than either Pete or I. Rosalie, in spite of her natural briskness and capability, generally takes at least twenty minutes more than I do. Of course Rosalie invariably looks as well groomed as a prize-winning filly in the horse show, whereas Phillippa, though neat and trim, has a more casual, less manufactured air. She was looking through a book when I came in the room.

"I hope you don't mind my purloining your 'Tom Jones' this way, Fenton," she greeted me. "It's such a beautiful edition I couldn't resist looking through it. It's one of my favorites, anyhow. . . ."

"Really?" I was surprised and forgot to growl at her. "It's one of mine, too, but I didn't think women ever liked it." I remembered Rosalie's ennui when I had tried to read it to her years ago.

"Where do you get such funny notions about women, Fenton?" asked Phillippa, with a fascinating little flickering smile. . . . "You must think we are of alien race, anomalies in a man-made world, or something. As a matter of fact, we're 'remarkable like you. . . .'"

"Do you mean to say that you don't like to be thought a 'plaster saint'?" I inquired, and then, to get on safer ground, added: "I've got quite a rare set of Sterne, too. I must show you the picture of Corporal Trim and the fortifications."

When I had taken the book from the shelves and opened it to the picture of my Uncle Toby's hobby-horse at full gallop, I was going to hand it to her, but she came and stood by my side and looked at it with me. It was the first

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time we had ever been alone together in such a friendly fashion, and as I looked down at her—she didn't quite come to my shoulder—I had to keep repeating to myself: "She's Pete's, she's Pete's." Oh, but it was hard not to tell her then how much I cared for her. Luckily Pete came in soon and, with his presence as a spur, I was almost able to put on my old disagreeable manner. Poor Pete! he used to look at me sometimes almost imploringly, as if to say: "Why can't you be a little nicer to my girl?" Thank Heaven, he never mentioned the subject to me!

After that I stayed in my room until I was sure that Pete was down-stairs. It was two or three days later that something occurred that I can even now hardly believe was real. When we went down to get our mounts we found that Mike had lost a shoe that morning, so Phillippa was to ride a new horse that I had bought earlier in the summer—a powerful, lean gray with a shaggy mane and tail. He was inclined to be nervous, but Phillippa said that she thought she could manage him. And, knowing her ability, I did not doubt that she could.

I rode on ahead as usual, and led the way through the woods. Jock was inclined to take the hilly trail that day, and splashed through the rocky stream at the ford. Pete and Phillippa followed a little way behind. The gray had never forded the stream before, and slipped on one of the loose rocks, so suddenly that Phillippa lost her right stirrup. The horse, already frightened, at this lost his head and shot past me like the wind. Phillippa did not scream, but clung on as best she could. Jock started after almost before I gave him the word. That gray could certainly run! Phillippa was patting his neck, trying to calm him down, I could see, as I galloped after her, but neither that nor her steady attempt to rein him in had any effect. With his ears back, he ran, with a nasty kicking out of his heels, so that Jock would hardly have passed him if he could. Pete, whose horse was slower than Jock, had dropped so far behind that I could scarcely hear the thud of hoofs on the soft earth of the road. Over the hilltop sped the gray, with Phillippa clinging on manfully, and Jock keeping pace but not gaining on him, about twenty yards behind. Down the steep gully we raced like mad. Fortunately the road was dry, so that our horses did not slip. I would have been exhilarated by the speed of that pell-mell gallop if my fright for Phillippa had not made the glands in my neck tighten until they nearly choked me. At the bottom of the gully the gray stopped short with a side jerk that threw Phillippa out of the saddle and into the bushes beyond.

I had just presence of mind enough to pull Jock to a slower pace and to slip out of my saddle. I had a horrible feeling of nausea, and seemed to see things through a brownish light, and blurred. I reached Phillippa as she lay clumped in a heap on the ground, without remembering whether my feet had touched the earth. At sight of her my brain cleared, and things stood out vividly as they do just before a thunder-storm. Good God, was she dead? I kneeled down and grabbed her pulse to see. And then she opened her eyes, and with a half-smile on her face said:

"I'm all right, Fenton dearest, a b-bit shaken, I guess," and she started to sit up. Just then poor Pete came thundering down the hill, and at that Phillippa collapsed. "Those hoofs," she moaned hysterically, "they're going to go over me and over me!" and she buried her face in my arms and wept.

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Pete came up then, his eyes almost bursting out of his tense face in his agony. I left them after a minute, and led Jock out of ear-shot to mount him and ride away in search of a car to take her home in. What she had said kept running through my brain, as I forced the already sweated Jock to a gallop. "Fenton dearest" singsonged through my head to the rhythm of his hoofs. Was it possible that she cared for me? I admonished myself for being such a fool as to put weight on the words of a person who had just missed being killed, for if Phillippa had not had her fall broken by a rhododendron bush, the impact with the rocky earth must certainly have proved fatal.

As it was there were not even any bones broken, the doctor found. Pete rejoiced outwardly, as I did inwardly. Phillippa would be even well enough for us to take tea in her room the next day, if Mrs. Parker would agree to be there too. I had seen to it that Phillippa had been given the guest-room with the old-fashioned maple furniture and the bright-flowered curtains, partly because it was one of the cheeriest rooms in the house and one of my favorites, and also because I couldn't imagine Phillippa in the pink-taffeta, Louis XVI type of room that Rosalie thought was the only type suitable for guests.

"You've all been so sweet to me that I've almost enjoyed having this accident," she greeted us, as we came in. "Tell me, has the horse come back yet? —I'd hate to think you had lost him through my carelessness."

Pete and I sat like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, or any other famous pair of nincompoops, embarrassed at being in her room and overjoyed at finding her so well. We assured her that the horse was safe in his stall.

"That's good! Funny, that was one of the first things I thought of when I landed. I think I must think better when I'm standing on my head, for there were lots of things that I seemed to be clear about for the first time. I must have spoken very clearly to you, didn't I, Fenton?"

I think I must have gasped, for from the tone of her voice I knew what she meant to say. Good Lord, she must really love me! I wanted to kneel down beside her bed and kiss her hands and her neck and stroke her hair. Fortunately I only grunted, and shortly after made an excuse to go. I was mad, crazy, miserable, happy, and furthermore I was disgusted with myself. Who was it that thought he was on a higher plane than most humans, and could love a woman without wanting to touch her? Who was it that was adoring his brother's fiancée in such a holy way that no one could call it guilty passion? Who was it thought she couldn't care for him?—but that was ecstasy, and I must flagellate myself rather than rejoice. I should have known, having lived in this all-too-human world for forty years, that rare indeed is the love between man and woman that does not either end or begin with desire. And yet, my early Puritan training not having been shaken permanently by the fiery and physical dreams of an adolescent, I still believe that it wasn't just sex that made me want to touch her. I didn't get tremendously excited, or at least not consciously so, at the thought that under the blue bath-robe, as she sat up in bed, there was probably Phillippa and not much else. Of course, the tradition of generations of self-restrained and non-analytical men and women who were my ancestors, and the fact that I had been brought up to believe that there

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are some things which a man may not even think, may have had something to do with my attitude, but I insist that, although I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to do so reverently rather than passionately. Of course, for the benefit of those who think that impossible, I must say that I never had kissed her, and that passion is roused often only by actual contact.

Whatever my motives were, I knew I had no right to think of Phillippa as anything but a sister-in-law. Unless I were going to get a divorce from Rosalie and marry her. That thought was banished almost before it came. There had never been a divorce in our family, nor, I was sure, in Phillippa's, but that did not make the difference. I'm sure no one has any honest conviction against divorce when there is a just cause for it, but this would be most unjust. Rosalie and I had always quarrelled somewhat, but we had got along pretty well together even so. Surely neither of us had grounds for divorce. And if we had, what about the two children? What about Pete? Just because Phillippa and I had fallen in love with each other, should we sacrifice everything to that? Even if I were willing, I was sure that she would not be—that chin of hers was too firmly modelled on the lines of those to whom Duty means something. And yet, could she and I go on living as we were, seeing each other frequently and with all the intimacy of family life, and not break under the strain? We were both born honest; I doubted very much if we could help showing our feelings to those who knew us best. No, no, no! We'd reach the breaking-point some day—and then — No, I should go away, but where, but how? What about Rosalie—the children—the estate I was supposed to keep intact for future generations? Oh, Lord!

After thinking on these lines incoherently all night, I told Pete that I had to go to the city for a few days, as a crisis had suddenly occurred (God knows it had!), and suggested that he ask the doctor and his wife to stay at Red Oak Manor in my place until Phillippa should leave. I did not trust myself to say good-by to her, but hurried away before she was visible that morning. I longed to take a sea trip, but the energy necessary to fulfilling this wish was lacking, so I sat in my hotel-room moodily thinking. Thank Heaven, Rosalie would be back fairly soon! For I felt that I had no right to decide on any course of action until she came home. How to explain the delicate situation to her without explaining too much of it, I did not know.

"Why, Fenton, what's happened?" was the first question when I met her at the gang-plank. "You look like a Giotto monk! All care-worn and emaciated, and sort of glorified! Did you miss me that much? You're the most flattering husband I've seen in a long while. Never mind, my dear, just wait till you see my new Paris gowns, and you'll revive a bit, won't he, Clare?"

The gowns were certainly beautiful, and when Rosalie appeared in one that evening, a tawny gold one that had a suggestion of green that flashed somewhere in the skirt, she looked so lovely that it almost took my breath away. After the children had kissed us good night we went into the living-room for our coffee, and Rosalie sat like a goddess in the chair in which Phillippa had sat, in riding-togs, that first time she poured tea for us. Oh, how beautiful my wife looked, as her creamy arms moved gracefully among the ancient

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silver pieces of the coffee-service! And yet she wasn't Phillippa, and I was suddenly sorry for her that she wasn't. Sorry that I could not care for her in the way that I did for Phillippa, and that she could not care for me in the way that I believed Phillippa did. Compassion for her crowded out everything in my mind except the fundamental fact that I loved Phillippa.

"My dear," I said, when the butler had left us alone, and my voice was a little husky as I said it, "I think you are lovelier than ever." It was awkwardly done, I suppose, for I am not given to compliments, and lack the knowledge of a graceful way of saying them.

Rosalie dropped the sugar-tongs with a clatter, but said nothing for a minute or two. There were tears in her eyes when she finally spoke.

"I'm so happy, Fenton dearest." My God, why did she use that phrase? That was Phillippa's, Phillippa's, my Phillip —no, Pete's Phillippa's. I bowed my head as I realized this, and Rosalie went on: "I was afraid that since the accident you perhaps didn't think so—that perhaps you didn't lo——"

"Darling!" I cried, and meant it. I strode over to where she sat and took her in my arms. "Rosalie, I love you more than ever—" That was true, I did, but some little grinning imp of conscience kept yelling in my ear: "Traitor, hypocrite, liar!" Perhaps I was all of those things, but how could I tell Rosalie that the glamorous light in which I saw her then was to a great measure the reflection of the stronger fire of my devotion to Phillippa? I had decided on a course of action that seemed to me to be as nearly fair and honorable as anything could be in such a strange case, and was determined to carry it out.

"Of course that accident didn't make any difference, my dear," I continued; "I never think of it when I see you. I'm afraid I've often been brusque and cantankerous, Rosalie, but it hasn't been because I didn't love you. I'm afraid it's just my way."

Rosalie looked up then, with a smile. "It's a funny thing, Fenton, but that gruffness of yours seems to fascinate people, especially women. I always rather admired it, and do you know that Clare is madly in love with you?"

"What? Oh, no, you're joking!"

"Oh, well, it may be partly the fact that you're the well-known Fenton Phillips, but she is. I discovered it this summer, partly by chance. I think she used to urge me to quarrel with you, that she might get in her innings if we ever got to disagreeing enough so that we separated."

"But, my dear, I never said a pleasant word to her!"

"That's just the trouble, Fenton, she thought you were the ideal strong, silent man or something. I didn't know how much you really meant to me, Fenton, until I found out what that woman had been plotting. I don't blame you for never liking her. I can't bear the sight of her myself any more. And to have her the only person near us!"

Here was my opportunity for submitting my plan to Rosalie, and I took advantage of it. "Rosalie," I said, "why should you have to bear the sight of her? Why do we have to stay here and be so cramped that we almost forget we love each other? Why can't we go away and travel, and chuck the whole darned business? . . ."

"Oh, my dear, how I should love it! We always used to plan those trips to the South Sea Islands when we were en-

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gaged, Fenton, do you remember? But you can't ever leave New York."

"Why can't I? Simply because I'm a slave to the money that my grandfather made. I'm sick of it, Rosalie, sick of it! Of course we wouldn't be as rich as we are, and we probably couldn't afford Paris gowns, but even if the girls couldn't go through all the fanciest flourishes in education and the social whirl, don't you think the South Sea Islands would be worth that both to them and to us?"

"Worth what, Fenton?" Rosalie looked bewildered, "I don't understand. What has our going to the South Sea Islands got to do with the girls' education? Are we broke? And what about the Phillips estate?"

"Damn the Phillips estate! If Pete had a son, it would go to him according to grandfather's will. 'The next male heir' or some such phrase, don't you remember? We've got enough out of what mother left me—I've never touched it, and it has more than doubled itself—for us to live on and travel on, too. Can't we turn the whole thing over to Pete now and be free to enjoy ourselves?" I felt more hypocritical than ever working up this fine frenzy when I thought what had given me the original motive, but I had begun to believe that it was the only way out so firmly that if any one had suggested that I was saddling my brother with something I didn't want, or had hinted that I wanted to give his wife a wedding-present that would keep her comfortable for the rest of her life, I shouldn't care, for I knew that, providing Rosalie was satisfied, it was the only thing I could do.

And Rosalie was satisfied. Her trip to Europe had increased her longing for travel and her affection for me. She was as excited as a schoolgirl as we made our plans, and I'm sure the most sedate of our lawyers must have fallen in love with her as we made the arrangements for the transfer of our estate, she was so beautiful.

Pete and Phillippa were to be married in November, since now they did not have to wait until Pete could earn a living. I always wondered whether Rosalie understood my feeling for Phillippa, for one day she said teasingly, after telling me more about the preposterous Clare:

"I hope you were always very gentle with Pete's girl, Fenton. Your brother might well have been jealous if you tried any of your devastating grumpiness on her. . . ."

At this I must have turned white or red or done something unaccustomed, for Rosalie looked at me keenly for a moment and then let the subject drop, and never mentioned it again. But I don't think she could have guessed the whole truth . . . it was too big, too far beyond the powers of imagination.

The next time I saw Phillippa was at her wedding. I was Pete's best man, and it took all my resolution to keep from saying: "No! this can't go on!" But when I heard her clear musical voice giving the responses, I almost wondered if I hadn't imagined the two words that had changed so many things for me. After the ceremony Phillippa turned to her mother to be kissed and wished well, and Pete gave his hand to me. I was glad to see him happy, but that was not my only emotion. When I came to Phillippa I hardly dared look at her to see whether she was happy or not. All she said was, "Kiss the bride, Fenton," and, her voice breaking, added in a half-whisper—"once."

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Young Goldsmith

BY PADRAIC COLUM

The years between 1749 and 1752 in the life of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," years fraught with uncertainty, years spent in gambling and singing and attempting to be a tutor.

THE portrait that a master painter has left of him gives him a dignity, a distinction, that he rarely attained to. But we can see in it what Goldsmith looked like twenty years before he sat to Sir Joshua.

In his face there is a flabbiness, a rusticity, that comes from the protruding long upper lip, the unclosed mouth, the chin which, though defined, falls away from the lower lip. The face is pock-marked. The top of the head is bare, the nose is broad, and the eyes well fixed and seeing. We know that he was short and shambling, and that he had such little dignity in his bearing that he could be mistaken for a journeyman tailor, and that he was spluttering and hesitating in his speech.

"At the New Room an Assembly will be held on Tuesday, the 11th day of December next, and so continue on the second Tuesday in each Month for the future,"—he might read this in a Dublin journal that has come into his hands—"and as it is to subsist under proper Regulations and a proper person appointed for each Night to put them into Execution, it is hoped that the Meeting will prove agreeable to those who think it proper to attend. To begin precisely at Six o'clock each Night."

He had gone to one such assembly and he had been left very much alone. The girls ignored him. No mamma, after having drawn him to her chair, had remarked: "Lydia looks well at the harpsichord, does she not, Mr. Goldsmith?" Not only was he plain in visage, but he was poor and without prospects. "An ugly and a poor man is a society to himself; and such a society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance." He was to write that sentence while he was still twenty-four; he was away from his own country and people when he wrote it, to be sure, but he had not been long away, and it is evident that by the time he had written it he had become reconciled to the usage of the world in regard to himself.

But as he was warm and friendly and with a tender heart, his isolation did not make him saturnine. He played on the flute. Isolation helped him to reflection, to ordered thought, even though it left him awkward, bashful, blundering. His escape from humiliation was, perhaps, in a turn he had for vagrancy. "I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and to drink when it stands before one." He is speaking through a character when he says it, but he had known vagrancy and its penalties by that time, and he does not make his character speak with any bitterness. Indeed, we can feel in the sentence the enthusiasm that must

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have been there to sustain him in his own wanderings through Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy. He had the sanguine spirit that goes so well with vagrancy. "No person ever had a better knack of hoping than I."

We can see him standing on a roadway. Over there is the house in which his father and mother had lived, in which he and his three brothers had been reared—the house now occupied by his sister and brother-in-law, his father passing rich, not on the forty pounds a year of the poem, but on something more considerable — two hundred pounds a year—a good stipend at that date and in this part of the country. There had been many dependants upon it, many poor relations, and in that house "all were equally generous, credulous, and simple." His father was dead now, his mother was living in a cottage in a neighboring village, and he was back from Dublin and the university with a bachelor's degree. At his mother's cottage he will meet his uncle and patron, the Reverend Thomas Contarine, for whom he always puts on a grave demeanor. He will tell his reverend uncle that he was not good at the mathematics, but that no one in the college was better at turning an ode of Horace's into English than was he. He can speak to his uncle of his genuine accomplishments: he knows Latin well, he knows French exceptionally well; he can make good verses. And his uncle has always been able to recognize that he writes a perspicuous English.

To the neighbors who are so respectful to his father's name, he will tell of his life in the university, and he will bring in the names of the heirs to this and that great property hereabouts. But he will laugh a little after he has talked of such folk, remembering that as a sizar he had paid nothing for his food and tuition in the college and little for his lodging, and that he had to do menial services as return, such as sweeping up the court, carrying dinner to the fellows' tables, changing the plates and pouring out ale; remembering, too, the garret which he shared with another student, one who had the same sort of broken boots, the same sort of out-at-elbows clothes which he had himself; remembering how he was satirized openly by the professors to the glee of the young bloods and bucks who were standing around, moved more and more to laughter by his embarrassments and blunders. Perhaps he can remember himself on a bench in the college grounds, with such thoughts as made his own society not so intolerable after all, or walking down a back street and listening pitifully to some tale so distressing that it had to be told even to an ill-clad student.

And when his friend and brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson, has come in, he will tell him of how he wrote a street-song now and again, and got five shillings for it from those who provided the ballad-mongers with their sheaves; he will tell him how he would slip out of bounds and stand round the street corners to hear his ballad sung. Later on, in the tavern into which he goes with Daniel Hodson, he will sing some of these songs.

He turns from before his father's house and goes toward Ballymahon, the village where his mother now lives. As he goes upon his way he hears the sound of a flute. It is being played in a cabin by the roadway; always he is charmed by an Irish tune and he stops to hear this one. He goes within. The chimney in that cabin is one hole, the window is another; the furniture is a

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table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools, a pot. He is welcomed and brought up to the fire of peat that is upon the hearthstone. The man who has been playing stretches his hand out to him. The household is speaking Irish, and he speaks Irish, too, as he comes in. And now he listens to stories that he had listened to before—stories about the champions who had wreaked vengeance on the oppressors of the people fifty years before. Some one, a stranger, whispers about him. Is he not the son of the clergyman of the foreign church to whom they had to pay tithes? But the man who whispered is silenced, for those in the house know him and trust him. He knows what had been said; he knows that he is no upholder of the pious, glorious, and immortal revolution that King William consummated on the slopes of Aughrim—the battle that is a disaster in the stories told by this cabin fireside. The man who whispered is silent now, and Galloping O'Hogan and Baldearg O'Donnell make their raids and their last stands, and "the Collegian" Oliver Goldsmith plays over on his own the tune that the man of the house had been playing on his flute.

His people were of "The Middle Nation"; they belonged to those who, although English in origin, had come to ways of living and thinking that were different from the ways that were being developed in England:

"At the end of the period of the Plantations in the seventeenth century it is probable that amongst the Protestants the descendants of the Planters much outnumbered those of the old colony who now adhered to Protestantism, but as the influx was gradual and took place over several generations, and since at the beginning of the period the old Catholic Norman-Irish counted as the handers-on of the tradition and culture to the Protestants, I hold the view that the Irish, born and educated in Ireland, were always in the preponderance among educated men in Ireland, and that there was a true continuance of tradition; which means that in the true roots of our culture in Ireland at present (except for the real Gaelic remnants in the west) are to be found in the Norman period A. D. 1200–1500; thus making Ireland quite parallel to England and Scotland, in each of which a fusion of Norman with local elements of population took place in the same period."*

Goldsmith's people had married into families that had kept the Gaelic tradition. When Oliver was a child he had been taken to a house in the neighborhood where O'Carolan, the last representative of the aristocratic tradition in Gaelic poetry and music, was being entertained. He remembered him as "at once a poet and a musician, and sung his own verses to the harp." He noted that "when any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, and he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so he also was possessed of an astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction." Goldsmith's own delight in Irish music made him challenge current taste when he declared that a "concerto" of O'Carolan's might be compared with "the finest compositions of Italy."

* Quoted by John Eglinton in his Irish Letter in *The Dial*, May, 1927.

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In his time "The Middle Nation" formed a society that was much more at home in Ireland than any Protestant society that was to exist afterward—they were the gentry, the gentlemen farmers, the rectors, professional people, land-stewards, merchants living in the country. It was a pleasant society, but it passed away without leaving in literature any record of itself. If it had left such record we would know that "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" were quite closely related to a life that was in Ireland in the second half of the eighteenth century. I seem to see something of the lives of people such as the Goldsmiths might have known as I read in a manuscript an account of the lives of the Protestant farmers in the Ireland of sixty years ago; they might be survivals from the village of prosperous days:

"It was a long, low farmhouse, standing in a little way, but the garden stretched down to the road. A garden full of apple-trees, now swelling toward blossom, of the hum of bees and the breath of sweet old flowers. It was fenced by a high, thick clipped hedge of thorn, but the ground being higher inside a person there could overlook one on the road. In the grassy field before the house were a few good cows and an old gray horse, which stood looking over the gate wondering if this could be Sunday. A little farther on, where a corner of the field was cut off by the stream, was a small thatched house, no bigger than a cabin, but the two windows were of a good size, and were filled by many small panes all bright and clean. A plot of wall-flowers and colored primroses was divided from the kitchen garden by a row of gooseberry bushes; a cherry-tree and a monthly rose covered the walls. It was the afternoon of a sunny spring day, yet the bright little turf fire was very cheerful, while the fresh air came in through the open door. The window was on the opposite wall, and through it the sunshine fell in a square on the floor. Between the window and the fire a woman of about sixty sat in a straw armchair of beehive work. She was tall, slight and straight as a rush—that is a candle rush, not the tall bulrush that curves to the stream."

Just at the time when a record of the life of this society might have been made in novels or in plays, people such as the Goldsmiths might have known became alienated from Ireland; nothing in the country, not even the lives that they themselves lived, was worthy of presentation, they were taught. In the social system which they had agreed to accept there was no encouragement to be got for a dignified presentation of Irish life and manners. Afterward the Irish Catholic population, striving to rise to possession and status, created Irish nationalism. The literature of the country began to reflect this struggling life. We cannot now see a Wakefield nor an Auburn in Ireland, not altogether for the reason that the novel and the poem have an English scene, but partly because we only know late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century Ireland through the novel of buffoonery, through glimpses into the houses of the landowners, through the presentation of the desperate fortunes and the unsettled lives of the Catholic peasantry.

But in the society that had some security, the society that the Goldsmiths would have been familiar with, breaches were being made. In a while, in England, there would be Enclosure Acts,

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and "the fenceless fields" that gave a margin of subsistence to the poor would be taken from them by the rich and the powerful; soon it would be a saying that the man who stole a goose from the common would get jail, but the man who stole the common from the goose would be made one of the country's legislators. Here there had been evictions; a general had cleared away his tenants to give space for a park. Young Goldsmith had remembered a cheerful house that stood hereabouts. Now he saw a doorless and roofless ruin. An old woman, lone and shrinking, was carrying into that ruined and unlighted place bunches of cresses that she had gathered off a sluggish stream. Now she was a trespasser on the place that had once been her garden. He stopped and sighed. The thing that gave an hour's importance to the poor man's heart was important, and was always to be important to him. He went back. Beside the huddled and silent figure of the woman he left one of the two or three coins which he had in his pocket.

His mother is by no means a bustling woman (he was to speak in one of his letters of an hereditary indolence that he had from his mother's side). She was content enough to have Oliver stay on in the cottage without pressing very hard on the subject of his making a livelihood.

And so he fishes in the river and the lake, talks learnedly with his reverend uncle, takes a chair at Cousin Jennie's tea-table. He gives instruction to a brother in branches of Polite Learning. This is Charles, who seems destined to be a stay-at-home; Charles is eager to hear of cities and foreign parts, but he works for various relatives on their farms. Henry is now a clergyman; he is the one who, as they say, has his father's decency. Maurice, the slow-going, has been apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, and is in a town near by.

Now and again, after a call from some of their more successful relatives, his mother tells Oliver that he ought to make ready to call upon the bishop. He is to take orders; after he has worked as a curate like his father a living will be given to him. There ought to be no more delays in calling upon the bishop. "But I must have a good coat to call upon His Grace." "Your uncles, several times, left money to outfit you." "The money I lost." "Lost how, Oliver?" "I lost it, mother." "I'm sadly afraid at gambling."

There were family councils again. Money would be left for an outfit, but with the tailor—there would be no more opportunities given to him to gamble the money away. Let him pick his cloth and leave his measure, and get the coat he should have to call upon the bishop.

So Oliver rode away and got measured, and rode away another day and came back with the coat. He dressed himself and made ready to call upon the bishop. "Mr. Goldsmith, my Lord." "But this fellow is wearing a scarlet coat. I cannot—I shall not—present him." Then Oliver goes home. "But I should have to wear a drab coat, mother, and how could I do that?" And then, after some sighs from his mother and some ironic "You follow on as you are going, young man," from the Reverend Thomas Contarine, the project of his taking orders was allowed to drop.

And then Oliver, in his scarlet coat, makes an appearance at the assembly. He insists on attracting attention to himself. He is talked about as being

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rude and a buffoon. Once more the relatives come to the cottage, once more it is urged that Oliver put himself into the way of making a living. He has let go of his chance to get into the church. What about the law? Edward Mills is in the law and knows how to set about getting Oliver initiated. Fifty pounds is provided, letters are written, and Oliver starts off for Dublin.

He has to renew acquaintance with the students whom he knew before, for some of them have now entered the law business. He goes back to the college, and with cronies goes into the garret where he had lodged and looks at his name as he had scratched it there. Money is shown. There is a visit to a gambling-house. Then another visit. And after the third visit there is no money left on which to get into the profession. So back again to Ballymahon. "Let him be," say some of the relatives; "there's no good to be got out of him." "Send him to America," say others. More money is made up for Oliver. A horse, too, is provided, for the beginning of his long journey is a hundred-mile ride to Cork. And at last he is ready to set out. The Reverend Thomas Contarine counsels him; Oliver gravely speaks of the prospects that Pennsylvania offers. Robert Bryanton and his sisters, Peggy and Betty, are solicitous about his living in such remote and unfriended parts. Last, there is Daniel Hodson to be seen. He drinks his punch by Daniel Hodson's fireside, and once again Peggy Golden sings for him. And standing at the door Oliver very movingly sings over again the song she had sung for him, "Johnny Armstrong's Good Night."

In the morning, very early, he starts off, his brother Charles going some of the way with him, asking him again and again about what prospects there are in America, and urging him to write and tell him all about the land. . . . Six weeks later Oliver is home. He had waited for the ship to sail. Days and days had gone by. And then, when he was at some festivity, the ship had sailed away most unexpectedly and had left him in Cork. He had sold already the fine horse he had rode out on. There was nothing left for him to do but to buy the sorry beast that was under him and to ride back.

But at last Oliver was got into a place: he became tutor in the house of one of the gentry of the neighborhood. It was a house that could not be hospitable to Goldsmith the scholar, the creative artist; it could not have offered him any impression of grace or fineness. We know what he came to think of the Irish gentry of that day and generation. "No such characters here as our fox-hunters," he was to write in a letter from Scotland, "and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of a thousand a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child; and truly, if such a being equipped in his hunting-dress came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George." These gentry were not the kind to be interested in Oliver's French prose-writers and his Latin poets. "There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare there one season than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher." The response to what teaching Oliver gave was not encouraging. And away from his mother and his reverend uncle he, too, began to live the

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life of the young squireen. He played cards in the tavern and the country house; he amused the company by singing rollicking songs of his own composition. In the tavern or in one of the houses of the gentry he met a bold maid who looked him full in his pockmarked face when he asked her to take him upstairs to see her handiwork.

Vagrancy grew on him. He wandered around the countryside, and attended many a dance and was in many a wake-house. Often, riding back at night, he would hear that sound that so deeply impressed him, a sound characteristic of that part of the country with its river and its lake—the booming of the bittern. "Those who have walked in the evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers must remember a variety of notes from different waterfowl: the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all these sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resides at the bottom of the waters." Along these unfrequented riversides he hunted the otter.

Sometimes as he rounded up his charges and turned them to their dog-eared primers a sickness of spirit would come upon him. Why did he stay here? Would it not be better for him to be in a garret in London, living four pair of stairs high, and writing for his bread, than to endure this tedium and emptiness? God's curse! who were the people at whose beck and call he was? Did they know who he was? He'd tell these cubs, although they would not be able to comprehend what he was saying! "Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or a Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gibblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me." "You're not teaching us very well this morning, and papa says you are not a good tutor."

Then something happens over the cards. Oliver wins too much, or he loses with a bad grace, or he loses more than he possesses. He has to leave the house. He walks down the avenue, his head bent, a wine-stain on the coat that had been bought for him in his capacity as tutor. He walks out of the domain, and the lodge-keeper closes the gate upon him.

Back in Ballymahon once more! "What will you do now, Oliver? Our friends won't look to the same side of the road as you are on." "Go over to London, mother, and write for my bread. Swift and Steele did so in the early part of their lives, and think of the honors they came to." His mother will not hear of such a thing. If he will think of a profession, his relatives will make a last attempt to help him to it.

Another profession! As he ponders on what other profession he might enter he remembers how he had looked upon this man and that man walking down the street of the city, a gold-headed cane in his hand. A doctor! Yes, that was the profession for him, medicine, that was not drab like the law or the church, and

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that would not separate him from people but put him amongst them. Medicine it should be! He would be a doctor and carry a gold-headed cane.

The Reverend Thomas Contarine considered it. Oliver had thought of Edinburgh, and the name of Munro—he had heard it from students in Dublin—became a talisman to him. " 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia." The Reverend Thomas Contarine agreed to bear the necessary expenses, seeing that medicine had the power to arouse such enthusiasm in Oliver.

An elation that had not been part of the feelings he had had, the expectations he had formed before any of the other excursions he had made into the world, now possessed him. He was leaving an effortless, a spiritless life behind him. Already in his mind there were plans and projects — research, poems, essays. Edinburgh was a capital which Dublin at the time was not; he would meet there men who would recognize, who would help to form, something in him. And he would not be one of the obscure of Edinburgh, either; the Duchess of Hamilton was there—Betty Gunning; he would visit her, and the beautiful duchess would not be inactive in advancing the fortunes of a kinsman. London was not remote from Edinburgh, and the fortunes that Swift and Steele had attained to there might be attained to by another.

Things had been made ready for his departure—hats and boots, shirts and suits. He would bring money with him, and draw on his uncle as necessities arose—necessities that would be necessities indeed. A little of the money was now in his pocket. It was fair-day in Ballymahon, and he went into one or two of the taverns and paid scores that had long been due. And everywhere he was received as a man who had the prestige of a departure already upon him. Cordial were the good-bys that were exchanged; the townspeople, bringing his father's name into everything they said to him, wished him the height of good fortune. Well, by the time he came back amongst them George Conway would have his sign put up, Tom Allen would have his new wig, but there would be still the same pleasant people to meet in Ballymahon.

The young men were throwing the hammer in a place off the fair green. They called to him as he came along. He stood amongst them and watched them mark the place of the farthest throw. Taking off his coat he laid his hands upon the hammer's handle. He threw it; it passed the farthest mark. A cheer went up for Oliver Goldsmith. The prize was handed to him; he went with the young men to this and that tavern, and drams were handed round and taken.

Then to his mother's cottage. Henry, his brother, had come, and had a stock of counsels to give him. Maurice had not been able to get away from the shop where he was working as an apprentice. Charles was there, attentive as always when foreign places were being talked of—Charles the stay-at-home. And poor Jack Goldsmith, still with his complaint, had come. His mother sat at the table waiting for Uncle Contarine and Cousin Jennie. And at the expected moment they came.

Oliver looked round upon them all, mother and brothers, uncle and cousins, taking notice of one and all, and feeling what happiness it would be to be back and amongst them, skilful, learned, and famous, wearing a bloom-colored coat

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and carrying a gold-headed cane. Then, in his uncle's face he would see a look of approval, and not, as now, the look of a man who was conscious of being charitable. Pity and charity! They were great virtues, but pity 'twere to have always to look for them. "His pity gave ere charity began" he said to himself as he thought of his father, with that quick identification of himself with hunger and beggary that was in him, relieving some distress. And now his uncle was passing over letters and money for the journey and the initial expenses in Edinburgh. The look he gave him made Oliver spring up and say that he would hold the money faithfully and use it carefully. He put his hand in his uncle's hand. "You are the philosopher who carries all his goods with him," his uncle says to him. "Let me acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me," Oliver responds; "let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own." It was a solemn occasion; poor Jack Goldsmith, however, made a distraction by bursting into tears.

To Bryanton's now, where Bob and his sisters, Betty and Peggy, have to be taken leave of, and then to Dan Hodson's. Bob is settling down, he notes; from the fireside to the easy chair is becoming his round. He is not so greatly upset by Oliver's leaving, but the clasp he gives him is genuine and friendly. Betty and Peggy have dressed up for this last visit from him, and they kiss him good-by. Last of all he goes to Dan Hodson's.

Very readily he speaks to Dan about his plans and the prospects ahead of him. He will combine poetry and medicine; he will be the philosopher of medicine. He tells him he has come to Lissoy not only to take farewell of his sister and brother-in-law, not only to take farewell of the house in which his father had lived, and he and his sister and brothers had been reared, but to take farewell of the whole countryside. And when he leaves the house he stands on the mound that is near the gate and looks across the countryside that is clear around him on that fine night. He remembers a night in summer when he stood here and saw lovers seated under the hawthorns around, and old men discoursing in a group or seated upon a bench. Voices had come up to him and he had felt in the scene something Virgilian—*Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*. In a house near by some one played a fiddle. The door of Dan Hodson's house was open. Peggy Golden stood there and sang. And once again he listened to "Johnny Armstrong's Good Night."

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Saving the Infant Class from Hell

BY JOHN GOULD CURTIS

The drunkard's grave yawned for children a few generations ago. Sabbath-breaking or even being naughty had their dire consequences exhibited in horror stories, which decorated Sunday school libraries, comparing favorably with the tabloids of to-day.

"HELEN *was intoxicated!*" Perhaps that means nothing to you. Maybe you aren't even shocked. Possibly you don't care. But for Helen to be intoxicated in the pages of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society library a couple of generations ago was every bit as awful as for her to murder her husband with a meat-axe to-day—and fully as tabloid. The principal difference is that her contemporary counterpart would deserve much less sympathy and get a great deal more.

In either case, however, the story of the affair would leave no gruesome detail unrecounted; for the crusading of the Sabbath schools was no less ardent than that of our little newspapers, and if heaps of horrors will point the path to virtue, then the shocking details cannot be piled too high. Both types of publication have relied on the truth that simple minds are more often impressed by awfulness than by beauty.

Thus, "at the age of nineteen, Helen was indeed a beautiful girl—intelligent, industrious, and warm-hearted; no wonder that she was the idol of the family. More than once her flushed cheek and the sparkling brilliancy of her eye had awakened suspicion in her mother's heart; but could she for a moment cherish such an idea? No, it was an unwelcome thought and, therefore, soon banished. Ere long, however, the truth, humiliating, painful as it was, burst upon the whole family—*Helen was intoxicated!*"

Here we have the first of several climaxes in the life of a young lady of promise, who, unhappily, had the misfortune to be born in the Red Tavern, where ardent spirits were dispensed, and who, in consequence, was exposed to more than ordinary temptation. Hers is one of several hundred terrifying tales told in the fascinating library of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society—that repository of piety and learning which either baited or bludgeoned the children of an older generation into regular attendance at the Sabbath school (under penalty of fire and brimstone), and exacted from them pledges of lifelong abstinence and promises of fidelity at an age when they were definitely too young to have any idea what they were letting themselves in for. The most terrifying and improbable consequences are made to appear inevitable upon certain seemingly innocent missteps, and lest the reader be incredulous, it may be worth while to look into a few of the pitfalls.

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Suppose we turn back once more to Helen, who was intoxicated. The "Old Red Tavern" appears, if the woodcut frontispiece is to be believed, to have been located in Marlboro; and its proprietors seem all to have been persons of incalculable callousness and avarice. They simply ruined their customers right and left. "That tall, athletic young man with bloated countenance and trembling limbs [if you can picture the antithesis] was once an industrious, obedient, affectionate boy. How his fond mother's heart yearned over him, and how tenderly she guarded him during the years of infancy and childhood." Edwin left home to obtain work, took lodging, all innocently, at the Red Tavern, saw drinking going on there and, unprotected by any personal pledge to abstain, fell into taking a glass of wine himself occasionally. It was always so gradually, so unsuspectedly, that the nasty habit gained ascendancy; no drunkard of these tracts ever started out on anything stronger than light wine, but they all went rapidly after that, and knew not another sober breath until they tottered into their drunkards' graves. "Oh, that Edwin had never, never, *never* gone where ardent spirit was sold —never associated with those who drank it."

But why bring in Edwin? It was this way: Helen's flushed cheek and sparkling eye having given her away, she had perforce to flee the harsh virtue of her family, and accordingly took refuge in matrimony with Edwin. These birds of a feather flocked to the wedding of one of Helen's friends, drank wine with the other guests, and after that their morals simply went below sea-level. Poverty and squalor came upon them. Helen went in for cider, which, to make matters worse, she begged from the neighbors. Her baby was neglected while she went off into the fields to sleep, her bottle by her side. The climax was reached on the day when she came home in an evil temper (having, it would seem, run out of cider) and found the baby at the door, "crying sadly, which vexed her so much that she caught him up and threw him into the pigsty."

If this doesn't make an ineffaceable impression of what is to be expected from alcohol in any dilution, perhaps another anecdote will carry conviction. A young woman bought a pint of brandy to bathe her lame "ancle," the medicinal value of the fire-water apparently being conceded if it were taken externally. She accidentally confused it with another bottle, which she took home in its stead, and which her father spotted as soon as she had entered the house. He asked her what it was, and she told him "brandy to bathe my ancle with."

" 'I must have some,' said he, 'for I have not had any to-day.' Accordingly he poured some out and drank it. In twenty minutes he was a *corpse.*"

The horrid intemperance of the victim is cited as the proximate cause of this bit of poetic justice, but the modern reader yearns to inquire whether it would not be fairer to blame the daughter for carrying poison about in an anonymous bottle.

II

All of this dramatic flubdub was designed to get the wee ones to sign the pledge. The trustful children were double-crossed at every turn: first, by the offer of story-books as a reward for Sunday school attendance; and then by the presentation, in that guise, of propaganda which so distorted life that it

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must have made hundreds of neurotics, to say nothing of the hypocrites.

Take "The Sabbath-Breaker Punished," from the powerful pen of Mrs. Helen Cross Knight. This is concerned with yet another Helen, who is generously credited with not realizing the sinfulness of her secret wish that there were no Sabbath. With a perverseness and abandon astonishing in one so young, she presumed to suppose that she could keep the Sabbath as well in the barn, on the haymow, as in restless quiet in the parlor. "Helen distinctly determined to do wrong. . . . Her dear mother was not far off, to gladden and comfort the young heart, but that little child *was sinning*." She climbed around the haymow and looked for eggs; then the supper-bell rang, and Helen got what was coming to her. The cross old cow was laying for her (by arrangement with a displeased Deity) in the barnyard. "The cow stood still, while a fierce expression gathered on her face. Helen hoped she might be able to run from the barn to the gate before the cow would think of moving. Helen started—the cow started towards her; the little girl gave one scream of terror, and in a moment she was tossed into the air by the furious animal."

When she regained consciousness and begged her mother's forgiveness, she was referred elsewhere. "Her parent looked very serious, and replied: 'You must ask God to forgive you, my child, you have broken his laws. I will pray for you.'" Thus is capital proof adduced of the versatility of the Lord in getting at children with unworthy instincts.

But the least of these tracts has thirty-two pages, and only twenty-two of them have been used in telling the story of Helen's fall. So we have two more examples of rewarded sin: the boy who spoke profanely one Sabbath morning, and was promptly and completely drowned when he went swimming in the Missouri River that afternoon (the matter being left uncertain whether the drowning was for the profanity or for postponing Saturday night's bath to Sunday); and the other lad, who untruthfully shouted from the top of a high tree that he had found a squirrel's nest there, and added as a makeweight the wish that the Almighty might strike him dead if it were not so. God knocked him right out of the tree and killed him.

"'I Am Glad of It'; or, Wicked Rejoicing in Others' Calamities," gives a most graphic account of what happens to boys who say "Goody" when their playmate's hat blows into the water. It puts out also an excellent line of argument on the part of a father who persuades his daughter to return the scholarship prize she has won at school, on the ground that the runner-up, Julia Arthur, must have been the victor but for her unfortunate attack of "brain fever."

III

If one shudders at the thought of what must have been the ideal child of that time, as manufactured in the approved mould of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and if one is puzzled by the ferocity with which the Society's God seems to enforce meekness and gentleness in the youngsters, one is nevertheless not left in doubt as to the ideal in the minds of the Society's Committee of Publication. Let me tabulate from "The Bad Family and The Good Family":

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BAD FAMILY

Handsome house.
Vicious parents.
Six children, *viz.:*
Fighting Harry, always scrapping.
Greedy George, robs the pantry.
Idle Richard, won't get up in the morning.
Careless Fanny, loses things, steps in puddles in the street.
Lying Lucy, headed for the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.
Selfish Sarah, simply hateful, never does anything for any one.

GOOD FAMILY

Handsome house.
Pious parents.
Six children, *viz.:*
Manly Edward, courageous, avoids all quarrels, shuns rude, vulgar boys.
Studious Arthur, not bright but awfully earnest.
Well-bred Charles, always civil and carefully washed.
Patient Emma, suffers pain, and takes nasty medicine with good temper.
Generous Susan, gives everything to charity.
Merry Agnes, a "sweet plaything" who wants to be like the big girls.

Of course, had these parents been a trifle more fecund, and their offspring more varied as well as more numerous, it is possible that some of the minor good qualities and damnations might have been illustrated also, but probably a half-dozen of each are all that the young seeker can be expected to assimilate between Sabbath and Sabbath. However, those youngsters who yearn for more light on the path can turn in their silver badges for a copy of "The Model Family," in which Jane Ewing begins by questioning her uncle Melville about the careers he would choose for his eight children. Uncle Melville has long whiskers and a stern countenance; such a man as any child would consider an oracle. He piously replies: "I should wish my boys to become preachers of the Gospel, translators of the Bible, and missionaries to the heathen; and my girls to make just such wives and mothers as your aunt Melville."

Uncle Melville has occasion to expound what (in view of the announcement that the volume is "Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication") we may take to be the officially endorsed method of child-training. A visitor inquired: "Brother Melville, I never saw such gentle, obedient, and respectful children in my life as yours are; pray how do you contrive to govern them in this manner?" And Brother Melville explained that the Bible was so strong on obedience and subordination that he felt under an obligation to fill his youngsters with the fear of God. "From the time they are nine months till about three or four years we punish frequently; but after that age we find little use for the rod." Brother Melville seems also to have gone to elaborate lengths to persuade the children that it hurt him more than it did them.

How splendidly this system worked out in practice was illustrated a little later when the ten-months-old baby heaved a chicken-bone out of its high chair. (The little ones seem to have matured young in those days, so far as diet was concerned.) Her mother picked up the bone, untroubled by sanitary considerations, and said that naughty baby must be punished if she did it again. "With great spirit the child struck it from her mother's hand," and got lustily slapped in consequence. The struggle goes on for about three pages, the baby showing splendid persistence, but getting the worst of the slapping "until her arm was almost blistered. . . . The family knew that if the contest lasted till sunset no person could leave the table, or speak aloud, or give the babe a look of love or pity." In the face of this

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united offensive the babe at length capitulated, changed the tone of its shrieks in a manner taken to indicate contrition, and "Mr. Melville, as his custom was, then returned thanks." A splendid demonstration of the advantages of taking 'em young and treating 'em rough.

This, it seems, is the formula to be followed if you want to raise a "Good Family." The enlightened author is Miss Sarah Tuttle, apparently an embittered spinster; and I am sure it was only want of imagination that prevented her having the child tied up by the thumbs until bedtime.

IV

Apart from free and continuous resort to the "horrible-example" kind of narrative, the little books gave over a good many pages to discourse on piety and the prospect of eventual salvation. Death and the devil were always lurking together just around the corner, and one's chance of eluding them and getting something of a run for heaven depended on persevering meekness, profound devotion, ceaseless furbishing of many minor virtues, and regular attendance at the Sabbath school. Thus an anonymous clergyman (identified as the Reverend Amos A. Phelps) wrote "Letters to Little Children; or, The History of Little Sarah," wherein Letter I, titled "Sarah Not Too Young to Die," discloses the blood-curdling perfidy of a wicked man who, knowing how little Sarah loved to go to the Sabbath school, tried to *hire* her to stay away. He was reputed to have offered her twenty-five, or perhaps fifty, cents if she would only stay away; but virtue triumphed and she would not do it, "and when she came to die, no doubt she was very glad she did not stay away." Besides, she may have felt that a quarter was no inducement.

Little Sarah's last illness and funeral are related with a degree of dramatic detail too awful for reproduction even in this sophisticated periodical. She was very sick, and the less said about her pain the better. But her love of prayer was amazingly strong to the very last. In fact, Sarah went in for prayer on such a wholesale scale, and so utterly to the exclusion of everything else, that it is hard to believe that she could have been of much help to her mother. For *"Little Sarah was very fond of prayer."*

"She loved to pray herself; and she loved to hear other people pray, too. She used to pray often, before she was sick.

"Little Sarah also loved to pray, after she was sick, as well as before; and when she was in so much pain, or was so weak as not to be able to pray herself, if some friend was in the room she was very fond of having that friend pray with and for her, and she used to ask them to do so often. And then she used to enjoy the prayers very much." Unnatural child!

"Once during her sickness, when her uncle watched with her, she awoke in the night and conversed as pleasantly and rationally as any well person, for fifteen or twenty minutes, and asked him to pray with her.

"At another time, after she had been in great pain, she said to her mother: 'Do turn me over and talk religious to me.'

"Remember, then, this *one* thing, if nothing more, *LITTLE SARAH Was Always Very Fond of Prayer.*"

And that, my dears, was the sort of child that brought sunshine to the heart of the Reverend Amos Phelps, and persuaded him that life was not all sorrow.

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If this very comprehensive system seems inadequate, there is still more to be found in an entire volume devoted to "Infant Piety," which is concerned with the more philosophical aspects of devotion as distinguished from the formulas of prayer. It considers at length, for example, the dilemma of one Mary, who spent a Saturday night with relatives, found in the morning that a heavy rain had made the streets unfit for walking to church, and struggled to decide whether she ought or ought not to send home for her overshoes. " 'Aunt,' said she, after hesitating a few moments, evidently struggling between a sense of duty and of propriety, a fear of offending or doing wrong, 'do you think it would be right?' *Is it right?* was with her indeed the first question, and it was the union of delicacy and integrity, of firm principle with sweetness and tenderness, which gave her character a peculiar charm." The peculiarity of the charm, if any, is readily conceded.

V

Just what, then, did these virtuous propagandists hope to achieve through their tabloid appeals to the children? Piety—appalling piety—seems to have been the primary aim. Preservation of the New England Sabbath in an atmosphere of profound and impregnable sanctity (in the style of the modern Lord's Day Alliance) was another. Impression upon the child mind of certain articles of faith, before the infant was capable of questioning, was the accepted device for gaining and keeping control.

We have seen something of what piety required, and of the precautions to be taken even by the very young, against sudden death or other act of God. I have tried to discover just what little Helen, who had the unhappy affair with the cow, ought to have been doing on the Sabbath. A lengthy tract treats the matter, but confuses rather than enlightens: "See that they [the children] abstain from play as well as from work. Let them not pass the golden hours in idleness, or go out with careless companions, or be seen standing at the corners of the streets; but try and make their home happy and the Sabbath pleasant to them."

This last is a large order, even for an omniscient clergyman, and I wish he had said a little more about *how* the children are to be kept happy while they are forbidden at once, play, work, idleness, or company. Perhaps the implication is that they ought to sit in the parlor and read tracts. For the very young there would be "Plain Words for Those Who Can Read but Little," which plunges right into the problems of the little folks:

"You have a bo-dy and a soul. Your bo-dy will soon die and be laid in the dust. Your soul will live for ev-er. It will live for ev-er with God, or it will live for ev-er with Sa-tan. It will live for ev-er in hea-ven, or it will live for ev-er in hell. It will live for ev-er in peace, and joy, and love; or it will live for ev-er in fire, and pain, and woe." And so on, at considerable length, and with a good deal of urging to prompt and complete repentance.

The older children would probably be permitted "Conversations on the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind; or, History of James Mitchell," which proves with appalling conclusiveness that since a thorough explanation of the Scripture and of the principles of salvation is a prerequisite to entrance on high, the deaf, dumb, and blind must have gone ex-

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clusively below until means of imparting this precious knowledge to them were discovered.

By way of more readable and entertaining precepts, the boys might have some such volume as "Boys and Bosses," or Mrs. Sherwood's story of Honest Tom, "The Errand Boy," somewhat in the nature of forerunners of the Alger fiction; while girls could be given a counterpart in "Fanny, the Flower Girl," by Selina Bunbury, author also of "Glory, Glory, Glory; I Am So Happy!" and "The Indian Babes in the Woods." If the big boys got beyond the stage where "Dying Scenes" intrigued them, they might still be induced to attend the Sabbath school with regularity, long enough to earn a copy of "The White Slave," though some of them would doubtless read it with diminished interest on getting it home and finding its alternative title; "A Life of John Newton."

Truly, the instinct of the tabloids was with our tract-writers, and they worked in the consciousness that they must focus interest with arresting titles, hold it with tales of pious but dramatic horror, and thrust home the conviction that salvation (which was their stock in trade) was indispensable. No doubt they would have contended, if they could be made to see some little inconsistencies and absurdities in their devices, that the glory of the end was a sufficient glorification of the means. But when I think of how God used the cow to put little Helen to bed when her erring feet wandered from the path, I'm glad I wasn't a child in those troublous times—beaten (under the auspices of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society) for resenting my mother's imbecility in feeding me chicken-bones at the age of ten months, restricted in my literature to the iterated arid platitudes and imprecations of the Sabbath school tracts, doomed to a drunkard's grave if I once tasted wine, and subject always to the risk of some exotic vengeance by a terrible and capricious Deity.

On This Rock

By Bernice Kenyon

In the summer night it is good to lie
On a shelf of rock, with a warm stone pillow,
Heated through when the sun was high,
Washed by old rains, and weathered mellow,
Hollowed a little but not too deep,
Hard to the bones, but strong for sleep.

Some may seek a softer bed
But I like stone beneath my head,

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Stone that was shaped dim years ago
Under a glacier's grinding flow,
Smooth to the cheek and warm and sound,
Firmer than grass and yielding ground.

Hours long in the summer night
The sky flows, and the river flows,
And the murmuring leaves of the trees are bright
And flowing with moonlight, never still;
The leaves grow out as the night grows—
The trees mount tall and the rock-plants spread—
I like still stone beneath my head!
Stone that stands at the crest of a hill,
Whose length is certain beyond increase,
That cannot stir as the grasses will,
But is moveless and high and full of peace.

For who shall rest who feels in his sleep
How all things change beyond recall?
That grass can thicken and hide him deep—
On a single night the wheat grow tall—
Above him branches cover the air—
The night-flowers open one by one—
Under his head the quick roots run—
How shall he sleep, then, unaware?

But on stone, hours without number,
Quiet and dreamless I would lie,
One lone dark thing deep in slumber,
Heedless of change as time flows by;
Letting the still rock hold and keep
This known place in the long unknown
Of the summer night when, heavy with sleep
I drop to rest on my smooth stone.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Of all the vasty and innumerable chronicles of the Great War, perhaps the liveliest and most provocative is that by the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, who to his friends is a source of anxiety and to his foes is as scarlet to bulls. His work is called "The World Crisis," and has now reached seven volumes. These are large and lusty books and I must compliment the publishers for making the printed page so attractive to the eye, and the tomes so easy to hold in the hand. The writer, who helped to make history before writing it, carries the reader along on the swift flow of his narrative. His audacity in the expression of opinions and in his criticisms of land and naval officers hits you in the eye, but after you have said "Whew!" you read the next page.

It is particularly stimulating to read his account of the split in the Cabinet which deposed Asquith and substituted Lloyd George, and I recommend to students of modern history a comparison of his version with that by Lord Oxford so recently printed. After reading both, I feel like saying to Lloyd George, "Now you tell one."

The elusive nature of Truth is well illustrated by the various versions of the battle of Jutland, the greatest and least decisive of all contests at sea. I suppose we shall never know the facts, because although Mr. Churchill's account is clarified by maps and drawings, and by the time given not in hours but in minutes, it is still difficult to ascertain the precise order of events, so different is one expert's view from that of another. Mr. Churchill emphatically belongs to what William James used to call the "tough-minded." It will for the remainder of his life be a source of regret to him that Admiral Jellicoe did not risk and venture his capital ships on a decisive encounter, instead of putting first, last, and all the time the preservation of the Grand Fleet.

But, looking back, I think it is the German Admiral, and not the English, who should have put all he had on one card.

The possibilities of what *might have happened* on that misty afternoon are so terrific, that merely in reading Churchill's story my heart was pounding.

The author gives Jellicoe credit for caution, prudence, and the determination to avoid risks. But he says such a man and such conduct can never be counted among the great sailors and the great achievements of England. For he permitted the German Admiral to escape. But was there during the whole four horrible years another moment when one man had such a terrible responsibility as Jellicoe's? *The whole war might have been lost in one afternoon,* says Churchill.

The irresistible conclusion, as clear perhaps to Jellicoe then as it is to us now, is this: the English might have won a com-

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plete victory, annihilated the German navy, and attained what? Glory, yes: other results, no. The situation after that hypothetical victory would have been what it was without it, for later the German fleet accomplished nothing and could accomplish nothing, *so long as Britain maintained her superiority*. But if Britain had lost that battle, Germany would have won the war. In other words, Britain had everything to lose by defeat and little to gain by victory. No one knew this better than Jellicoe. It is possible that he is the greatest of all heroes, for he sacrificed his own chance of glory and the eagerness of his captains and men, for the ultimate welfare of England.

Furthermore it is just possible that he thought also of the lives of the bluejackets. So far as the battle lasted, the Germans shot more accurately than the English, and with deadlier results. Ships went down in two minutes each carrying about a thousand men to death. One clean hit was enough. Mr. Churchill regrets that Jellicoe did not attempt to destroy the German fleet. But, although it may be humiliating to admit that the Germans showed to better naval advantage in this engagement than the English, thousands and thousands of men on both sides are alive and well to-day who would have been dead had Jellicoe insisted on a fight to a finish; assuming an English victory, which was probable but not certain, the war would have continued just the same. Is it worth while to sacrifice thousands of human beings to test naval gunnery or to obtain glory? If we need examples of courage, look at Captain Scott.

To landlubbers like me, it would seem incredible if we did not have the proof, that a ship moving twenty-five miles an hour can be hit and sunk by a gun on another ship moving in the other direction twenty-five miles an hour, and *fifteen miles away*. But the experts do not seem to regard that as unusually good marksmanship. The damage done by one hit is easy enough to understand, when each projectile weighs a thousand pounds. In war, men are always cheaper than material. A whole division of men may be annihilated, but they can be replaced; one capital ship cannot be replaced.

While it is true in war that nothing is cheaper than human beings, it seems rather a pity that such an idea should prevail in peace. Inasmuch as the United States of America gave her men so freely to Europe in the Great War, it seems strange that after the war she found it so difficult to give money.

But I suppose in all nations it is easier to draft human lives than to draft property.

Taking up a less exciting but perhaps equally profitable question raised in war histories, Lord Oxford (Mr. Asquith) in his charming "Memories and Reflections" says that one night at one of his favorite clubs where Stanley Baldwin, Fisher, Gosse, and others were present, "I challenged them to produce a better twenty years of literary output in England than 1740 to 1760 in the despised eighteenth century." He does not say whether or not the challenge was accepted; but it seems incredible that some "among those present" did not take it up. Surely the twenty years from 1840 to 1860 produced in England much more literature of a high order.

Between 1740 and 1760 appeared the poems of Gray, the novels of Richardson and Fielding, Smollett's "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Ferdinand, Count Fathom," Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, a portion of

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Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Johnson's "Rasselas," "The Rambler," "The Idler," and "Life of Savage," some of Hume's Essays, and not much else of transcendent importance, for I do not regard Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" and Young's "Night Thoughts" as great literature.

Between 1840 and 1860 appeared many of Tennyson's finest short poems, and also "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," some of the "Idylls of the King," Browning's eight volumes of "Bells and Pomegranates," "Men and Women," Matthew Arnold's "Poems" and some of the "Essays in Criticism," Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Past and Present," "Cromwell," and the opening volumes of "Frederick the Great," Macaulay's "Essays," and "Lays of Ancient Rome," nine major novels by Dickens, the chief works of Thackeray, all the books by the three Brontë sisters, George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" by the Kingsleys, Trollope's "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Doctor Thorne," Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days," with many works by Ruskin, Mill, and others.

But although I cannot think with much respect of such a "challenge," I shall always have an affectionate regard for Asquith because he said, "I have a congenital incapacity for, and invincible abhorrence of, mathematics."

The new novel by Ellen Glasgow, "They Stooped to Folly," might be described as "linkèd irony long drawn out." The ironical title gives the key-note to the book—for "virtue" is satirized. She commands an admirable prose style, which gives an air of distinction to everything she writes. But her meditations are too prolonged, her "fable" is lacking in interest, and the work as a whole is anæmic. In her general attitude she is following a common fashion of the day, but it is an error to suppose there is anything new or original either in regarding adultery as trivial or in the complacency with which those who have lost their chastity regard themselves. In the book of Proverbs, written more than two thousand years ago, the writer, who had seen a good deal of human nature, made the following observation:

> Such is the way of the adulterous woman: she eateth, and wipeth her mouth, and saith, I have done no wickedness.

It is the saints, and not the sinners, who are tormented by conscience; and there is nothing new about that.

Some lines by Coventry Patmore apply perhaps even more pertinently now than when they were written, though they testify to the sameness of human nature:

> Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
> How has she cheapen'd Paradise;
> How given for nought her priceless gift,
> How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, who in 1921 made a sensation with his novel, "If Winter Comes," has produced a story well worth reading, in "The Uncertain Trumpet." The chief faults of this book are the irritating Morality names given to the characters, like Miss Mention, etc., and the jerky, incoherent style, characteristically seen at its very worst in the opening pages. He has a talent for putting his worst foot forward. There is no self-starter; the book begins with a prodigious noise and effort of cranking, and

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gets under way with difficulty. But let no reader lose his patience. "The Uncertain Trumpet" contains an excellent and absorbing story, some original and impressive characters, and its conception is noble. It has considerable humor, but when I remember the marvellous humor of the same author's "Once Aboard the Lugger" I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought. This story is written for the sheep, not for the goats; least of all for the goatish.

I praise Dorothy Thompson for the extraordinary felicity of her "translation" of "Pep" by Lion Feuchtwanger. Her dexterity in verse has never appeared to better advantage. That is all that can be said in praise of the book, for apart from her delightful audacities in composition, the work is worthless.

"Hovering Shadow," a slender volume of verse by Elizabeth Hollister Frost, contains some striking and admirable pages. They are reminiscent (without any copying) of Thomas Hardy and Alfred Housman. She has a genuine gift and I await with some confidence its development.

The "Collected Poems" of W. H. Davies, in one handy volume, will delight nine out of ten readers. The author says prefatorily that here are all the poems he cares to remember and a number of others he would like to forget. On less than 400 pages there are 430 poems, well representing emotion remembered in tranquillity. This is a book to read, to buy, to keep; buy another copy for a gift to a discriminating friend.

When I was a boy, we had family prayers both morning *and evening*. In addition to the Bible and my father's prayer at night, the whole family sang a hymn. One night we were singing a hymn of which the last line of every stanza was "It is better farther on." On this particular occasion our singing was rather worse than usual; the tune itself was not melodious, and we were making very heavy weather of it. After we had finished the second stanza, and had all sung together "It is better farther on," the head of the family remarked with a laugh that he hoped it was, and closed the book.

Now that is the way I felt after reading forty pages of Susan Ertz's new novel, "The Galaxy." And I am quite willing to leave the determination of it to other readers, for I have had enough. Had this book been written forty years ago, it would have been both original and interesting. But nothing to-day could be more conventional, hackneyed, and shopworn than those opening chapters. No more of this, for Goddes dignite!

I salute a new author. "Dust and Sun," by Clements Ripley, is a rattling good story of exciting adventures in a hot climate. Revolutions, murders, romance.

Among the fresh thrillers, Scribnerians will enjoy "The Glenlitten Murder," by the reliable and redoubtable E. Phillips Oppenheim, who dictates all his novels, in order to have more time for golf. I defy any one to dictate *letters* faster than I can; but it seems to me amazing that novels with complicated plots can be dictated; I never dictate an article. It seems that Mr. Oppenheim's best hours for composition are in the morning; but that is also his favorite time for golf. Not yet being able to play eighteen holes accompanied by a secretary to whom he might dictate novels on the fairway, or while his opponents are putting, he has abandoned morning work, and dictates between tea and dinner. Yet, surprising as this is, the most terrific thriller I ever read, "The Turn of the Screw," was dictated to a mahogany-

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minded Scot stenographer by Henry James; and I have been informed (not by the author) that the whole text-book on Economics was dictated by Arthur T. Hadley.

Other stories of murderers, policemen, and detectives, both amateur and professional, that will please many besides myself, are "The Roman Hat Mystery," by Ellery Queen; "Yellow Munro," by Gerard Fairlie; "Murder at Bratton Grange," by J. Rhode; and "The Murder in the Laboratory," by T. L. Davidson, one of the best-written books of this kind; it has impressive characters; it won a prize in Great Britain, and richly deserved its success.

"The Bright Thread," by Cornelia G. Le Boutillier, is so different from the common run of fiction, so old-fashioned, that it is worth reading as a surprise. It is in fact a glorified Sunday-school book; some parts of it seem so naïve that one might dismiss the whole thing with a smile of puzzlement—can such things be in 1929?—were it not for the fact that other chapters contain scenes, conversations, and analyses indicating that the author knows what she is about.

One of the most useful of all juvenile books is "Boys' Book of Astronomy," by Goodwin Deloss Swezey and J. Harris Gable, copiously illustrated by the authors. This is both valuable and entertaining, and I find it exactly suited to my needs, for while I am a man in years, I am a child in science. The other day I entered a barber-shop, and in response to an inquiry concerning my health, I said "Pretty well for an old man." "You don't call yourself an old man, do you?" "No, I don't, but everybody else does."

Genial Bob Davis, whose daily column in the New York *Sun* delights many thousands, has surpassed himself in his latest book, "Bob Davis Abroad," for the author is an expert on human nature, and professors of psychology might read him to advantage. Life is a tragi-comedy and Davis never forgets it.

It was a happy idea to publish "Reminiscences of Outdoor Life," by the late Honorable William Kent, of California. The book has an interesting preface by one of the most intimate friends of the family, the famous Stewart Edward White. Bill Kent was a classmate of mine at college, and of all the undergraduates he was the most original, humorous, and picturesque. We thought then he was destined for a brilliant literary career, for he was the best creative writer in college. But his conscience drove him into politics, where for many years in Chicago and later in California, he worked with inextinguishable zeal for reform. Unusual in everything, he was a reformer with a sense of humor. He served several terms as an Independent Congressman from California. He married Elizabeth Thacher, daughter of the famous Latin Professor at Yale, Thomas A. Thacher; she was the only girl in a large family of boys; she became the mother of five sons and two daughters. When Mr. Kent presented to the government of the United States an immense tract of land and insisted that it be called Muir Woods, President Roosevelt wrote him that it ought to be called after the name of the generous giver. As a reply, Mr. Kent sent the President a photograph of his numerous progeny, saying that if these children could not keep his name alive, no forest could do it.

In the Class Book, twenty-five years after graduation, he wrote:

> Most of my traveling has been either in connection with business or for recreation in hunt-

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ing and camping in the roughest parts of the country. I have interests that have taken me to Mexico and British Columbia, and have made two trips to Hawaii. My recreation has been largely hunting and fishing with light attacks of golf in my old age. I have not read as much as I should, but have tried to keep up with good stuff, and have studiously avoided the reading of philosophy; have reverted to the classics (translated) and have great interest in the literary features of the Old Testament. My especial interest has been in the line of endeavoring to extend democratic ideas and to fight the forces and courses that would break down the possibilities of democratic development. I can't say that I have accomplished much, but, anyhow, I have tried. I believe the best service that I can render is in backing people who are going the right way; have not and never have had any political ambition.

Few persons have known more about "the great outdoors" than William Kent; and these essays will delight all those who love rough life in the open. They contain much of the author's philosophy, and his hatred of cruelty and intolerance.

"The Letters of Tolstoy and His Cousin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy (1857–1903)," translated from the Russian (more literally than elegantly) by Leo Islavin, are of immense interest, especially in the arguments about religion. It is indeed curious that the greatest literary artist of recent times should also have been so uncompromising and zealous a moralist. All the later Russian novelists, Gorki, Andreev, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Kuprin, followed him steadfastly as an artist, and not at all as a moralist; with millions of humble readers, it was the other way around. That a writer one hundred per cent Russian should have shaken the world more than any author since Goethe is indubitable proof —if any were needed—of his mighty genius.

From these Letters one gets a more favorable idea of Tolstoy's personality, character, and temperament than from his Diaries or from the journals of his wife. They serve as an admirable footnote to the magnificent Centenary Edition of Tolstoy, now in process of publication, and which once more I must urge Scribnerians to buy.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is undoubtedly a great poem; but it is not a precocious poem, nor was it, as we now have it, written by the author in extreme youth. It first appeared in the *North American Review* for September, 1817, when Bryant was nearly twenty-three; but it was then far from being a masterpiece, for the best parts of it had not been written. In 1821, when the author was twenty-seven, the poem first appeared in the form now familiar. Only a few minor details were altered for the later editions.

And now comes an interesting letter from Peoria, Ill., written by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Daniel E. Williamson, which tells me much that is both strange and new.

Possibly you are already acquainted with the fact that a small city in Illinois claims the distinction of being the place where Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis." If not, I am sure you will be interested in the printed article which I enclose along with some pictures.

It seems that John Howard Bryant, a younger brother of the poet, settled, in an early day, at Princeton, Ill. Princeton is located some sixty miles north of Peoria. One of our enterprising newspapers printed the article I enclose and pictures of the later "edition" of the house with the rather astonishing information that the room in the old house was carefully preserved because the poet Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" there. How plausible the story reads. Yet, one wonders how old that younger brother was when he settled in Illinois, if his older brother wrote

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the poem when he was eighteen years old. Yet again one must wonder how William Cullen Bryant managed to write his poem, completed in 1821, in a room that was not built till 1840.

I wrote an article calling attention to the lack of harmony between dates and facts, but the sub-editor, who has this section of the paper in charge, and who wrote the article, told me that he couldn't publish it because it would "put those people in bad," the people now living in the house, one a descendant of John Howard Bryant.

So, visitors can still go to Princeton, Ill., and see the very room where William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis." Traditions are easily formed but difficult to eliminate.

The newspaper has a large picture of the interior of a charming room, with the printed statement, "Tradition has it that Bryant, then only 18 years old, sat where the davenport is and read the completed poem first to a couple of boys who had returned from hunting rabbits."

In attempting to account for so strange a tradition, it may be that Bryant when about fifty years old, read his poem aloud in this room and he may have changed a word or two, for a final edition. Or it is possible that Bryant's younger brother, who did live in this house, may have been confused in tradition with the famous poet. For John Howard Bryant published a volume of poems in 1857 which show a love of nature that equalled his brother's, and which do not deserve the oblivion that has overtaken them. Here is

AUTUMN: A SONNET

'Tis Autumn, and my steps have led me far
To a wild hill that overlooks the land
Wide-spread and beautiful. A single star
Sparkles new-set in heaven: o'er its bright sand
The streamlet slides with mellow tones away;
The west is crimson with retiring day;
And the north gleams with its own native light.
Below in autumn green the meadows lie,
And through green banks the river wanders by;
And the wide woods with autumn hues are bright.
Bright—but of fading brightness! Soon is past
That dream-like glory of the painted wood;
And pitiless decay o'ertakes as fast
The pride of men, the beauteous, great, and good.

John Keats, born one year after Bryant, and dead fifty-seven years before the American, was the chief and life-long inspiration of the late Amy Lowell. She devoted the last years of her life to writing a monumental biography of him, which appeared in 1925 in two volumes. The publishers have now made a popular edition in one volume, a triumph of bookmaking, as it contains about 1,300 pages, is not unduly heavy, includes all the scholarly appendices, with the glorious analytical index of fifty-one pages.

When I was in London in 1928, John Galsworthy showed me the manuscripts of nearly all his books. He cannot dictate, and cannot play the typewriter; thus they are all in pen and ink, and their commercial value must be prodigious. Professor Carlton Wells, of the University of Michigan, calls my attention to an article in a review, quoting the Manchester *Guardian,* as follows:

> They are worth a small fortune, and they are certain to appreciate greatly in years to come. No other English writer, with the possible exception of Mr. Shaw, has such a vogue abroad, and almost every month sees an advance in the prices of his first editions. As readers of our Christmas Number will recall, Mr. Galsworthy is one of the few modern authors who write everything in their own hand. He once told me that he found it impossible to think with a typewriter in front of him, and he raised his eyes in mock horror when I mentioned the dictaphone. In his study at Hampstead all his manuscripts are carefully preserved in a

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row of red morocco boxes shaped like book covers. Those he has presented to the British Museum are to be seen in the Greville Room.

Miles Kastendieck, of the School of Music of Yale University, writes:

Starting at page one of "The Man of Property" I have read without interruption through the six novels and four interludes to the Finis of "Swan Song." The impression is tremendous, and Galsworthy has captured my sincerest admiration. The simplest word of praise would seem to be that: Life is like that.

THE FANO CLUB

The original member and founder of the Fano Club is no other than the mighty Montaigne. A. S. Peabody, of Chicago, writes me that Montaigne must have been a charter member of the Club; the Diary of his Journey to Italy states that he visited the town on April 28, 1581, and comments quite favorably on the food he found at the Inn. On looking up the Diary (Trechmann's translation, 1929), I read:

FANO, fifteen miles, a little town in a pretty and very fertile plain adjoining the sea, rather badly built, very closed in. We were very well treated there as regards bread, wine and fish; the accommodation is not up to much. Fano has this advantage over the other towns on this coast, as Sinigaglia, Pesaro and others, that it has plenty of fresh water, many public fountains and private wells, whereas the others have to go as far as the mountains to fetch their water. We saw here a large ancient arch, on which there is an inscription under the name of Augustus, *qui muros dederat.* The town was formerly called Fanum, and was *Fanum Fortunae.*

No sooner had my initial yelps of enthusiasm begun to wane, than I got a letter from a friend in Rome, announcing that the Pope has just received a delegation from the FANO CLUB, two hundred strong.

DUECENTO PELLEGRINI DI FANO

RICEVUTI DAL PAPA

Quest'oggi il Pontefice ha ricevuto circa duecento pellegrini delle Diocesi di Fano e Fossombrone con alla testa il Vescovo Mons. Sanchini. L'udienza ha avuto luogo nell'aula concistoriale ove il Papa ha passato in rassegna i pellegrini ed ha ricevuto l'offerta dell'obolo. Prima di impartire la benedizione ha rivolto loro brevi parole di compiacimento e di grato animo.

For many years I have been collecting the names of the Last Survivor of the Charge of the Light Brigade, which in 1854 Tennyson celebrated with a poem dear to all schoolboys. The "sole survivor" has now died quite frequently during the last fifteen years, and my class in Tennyson at Yale act as scouts. Stuart Adams Lyman, of the class of 1929, sends me the following clipping from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

THOMAS KINSEY DIES AT 94

West New York, N. J., July 7. Thomas Kinsel (sic) ninety-four years old, reputed to be the last of "the noble six hundred" who participated in the charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War, died here Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Kelly, of 318 Twelfth Street. He lived at Chelsea, Mass. . . .

Mr. Kinsey was born in Wales, passing his early manhood in the British Army. After his enlistment expired he immigrated (sic) to the United States and became a farmer in Massachusetts. Surviving are . . . seventeen grandchildren and twenty-one great-grandchildren.

They should all be proud of him. Peace and honor to his ashes!

An interesting letter, giving tremendous authority for "it's me" and containing a particularly delightful pun, comes from B. W. Mitchell, of South Hero, Vt.:

The very first public pronouncement in favor of this idiom by a scholar of authority

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emanated from Yale University, and its apologist was none other than that great linguist, William Dwight Whitney. His argument for the correctness of the idiom, namely, that "me" is, in this usage, a true disjunctive pronoun, and that the idiom is the entirely correct equivalent of *C'est moi,* is set forth in his book "The Essentials of English Grammar," now, I fear, out of print.

. . . Cats are delightful creatures—black ones especially—and I wish them all felisity, except in their remorseless pursuit of birds.

Another correspondent quotes the poem

Her ain't a-callin' we,
Us don't belong to she.

Miss Mary Partridge, of Hartford, Conn., states that one of her students, Josephine Collins, read the F. Q. through last summer, at the age of nineteen. She joins the Club, which has members ranging from twelve to ninety-five years of age.

In response to a request from Jane Smith that I put a line in this column stating where she can find information concerning my personal knowledge of the late "Pen" Browning, son of Robert and Elizabeth, I take pleasure in informing her that the *Century Magazine* for January, 1913, has an article by me, called "Robert Browning as Seen by His Son," in which I describe a pleasant interview I had with "Pen" Browning near Florence. He died in 1912. He was a charming gentleman.

Jane Smith adds, "Though I have not read every word of the F. Q. and haven't the least intention of doing that stunt I can repeat for my own edification many stanzas of it."

Lieutenant-Commander Francis K. O'Brien, of the U.S.S. *Wyoming,* wishes a list of good English translations of the Greek writers. He is, as I have reason to know, a well-read man in English literature. The best translations of Plato are by Jowett, though the anonymous "Socrates" and "A Day in Athens with Socrates" are just about as good. Plumptre and Gilbert Murray for the dramatists; Jowett again for Thucydides; Pindar was translated into English prose by Ernest Myers. Commander O'Brien *must have* books of small size, as the room on a battleship is limited. The two anonymous Platos mentioned above (Scribners) are delightfully small and attractive volumes, and in the smallish book, "Greek Civilisation and Character," edited by Dr. Ernest Barker, are many translations from Herodotus. "Everyman's Library" has cheap and convenient volumes. The Temple Classics, tiny books, have Chapman's Iliad complete in two volumes.

The handy volume "Plato Selections" in the Modern Student's Library, edited by Raphael Demos, has the Jowett translation.

With reference to the *achuni,* the catlike animal with a sense of humor, described in a recent number of this magazine, I have received an amusing letter from Captain E. M. P. Grow, of Lima, Peru:

Everyone here was quite delighted to read the account of "chuni." He is well known in Lima; . . . Incidentally, "chuni" got in the house last week and found a little bowl of those red after-dinner "mints." He took *each one* separately and sucked all the red off leaving it white and then *spit it back in the same dish!* When Mrs. Grow came home she was puzzled to find a dish of white candies where she had left red ones. Our youngster explained it later.

Animals are queer. We had a little parrot who whistled tunes . . . I was the only one in the house he would come to. Last Thursday I went to the hospital for a week. On Friday he attacked Mrs. Grow twice, my boy once and has not been seen since. I believe he blamed my disappearance on them, and has kill d himself or at least left "these parts" (on foot, too, because he can't fly).

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To say they don't think and even reason is poppycock. They *do,* they have a sense of humor and a capacity for feeling. Don't you think so?

In my own special terminology of golf, there are three degrees of the *Bullhead.* If the ball travels near a bunker without touching it, we call it a *quasi-Bullhead.* If it strikes the ground and bounds clear over the trap, we call it a *Bullhead.* If it strikes or rolls into the bunker and then out again, we list it as an *Official Bullhead,* which is the Bullhead in its most malignant form. I have just received a note from F. O. Robbins, of New Haven, declaring that the following must be an official Bullhead.

A golfer by the name of Brix of Seattle, Wash., drove off the tee for the longest hole on the course, 405 yards. The ball sliced out of bounds, hit the concrete highway, bounced onto the top of an automobile, teetered on the car's top, rolled off under the rear wheel where it was pinched in such a manner as to cause it to leap into the air, fly across a ditch and land on the objective green, where it rolled to within four feet of the cup.

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Sir Peter Paul Rubens

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE is no artist more exciting to the imagination than the one whose genius is fed by a diversity of springs and whose work therefore ranges in many directions. I don't suppose I shall ever meet a painter surpassing in this respect my friend the late John La Farge. He could do anything. Long before the impressionistic hypothesis had been made at all familiar here he produced the "Paradise Valley," a landscape that in color values and illumination might have had a French origin. He could paint the figure and he could paint flowers. His masterpiece is a great mural decoration, "The Ascension," in the New York church of that name. He used oils and water-color with equal authority. From the early years in which he drew some beautiful illustrations he knew all about the resources of black and white. Much of his activity was dedicated to the production of stained-glass windows. He wrote good books and delivered remarkably stimulating lectures. In a word he was, if I may so express it, inordinately versatile. But La Farge's wide scope went deeper than mere versatility. It sprang from the richness of his nature, from the philosophical turn of his imagination, above all from his open-mindedness, his questing, sympathetic habit. I used to feel, while listening to his entrancing talk, that he was never quite satisfied with what he knew, that he was always peering inquisitively at receding horizons, eager to press experience further and further. We have never had any one quite like him, so inclusive in his individuality of the traits of the artist and those of the scholar—and the man of the world. The only painter of my acquaintance who approached him at all in the extent of his interests, the depth of his culture, was the late Arthur B. Davies.

The explanation of the rarity of the type in our time is a simple and natural one. As I have recently emphasized in this place, in an essay on "The Painter's Craft," the artist who neglects the prime necessity of good workmanship might as well winnow the wind. In modern practice stress has been so laid upon the point that the broader potentialities of art have often been forgotten. I have known painters who recoiled from the idea of embodying a thought in one of their works, fearful of becoming "literary." Even a master like Whistler could share this curious dread. When he tackled nature it was not to interpret her "sentiment" but only to "bring about a certain harmony of color," and he had, I think, a horror of what is called "human interest." In the famous portrait of his mother, for example, he insisted that the public had no business looking for any personal associations whatever. "It must stand or fall," he said, "on its merits as an arrangement." Of course he was right. Of course design, technique and style are the great antiseptics against the ravages of time. Nevertheless

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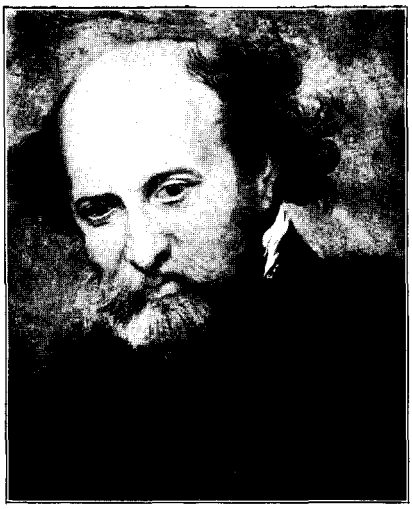

Rubens.

From the portrait by himself shown at the Higgs Gallery.

Isabella Brandt.

From the painting by Rubens at Windsor Castle.

Helena Fourment.

From the painting by Rubens in the Louvre.

Pieter Pecquius.

From the painting by Rubens in Sir Audley Neeld's Collection.

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Holy Family.

From the painting by Rubens in the Cincinnati Museum.

Bellerophon.

From the painting by Rubens in the Bonnat Collection.

Samson Taken Prisoner.

From the painting by Rubens in an English collection.

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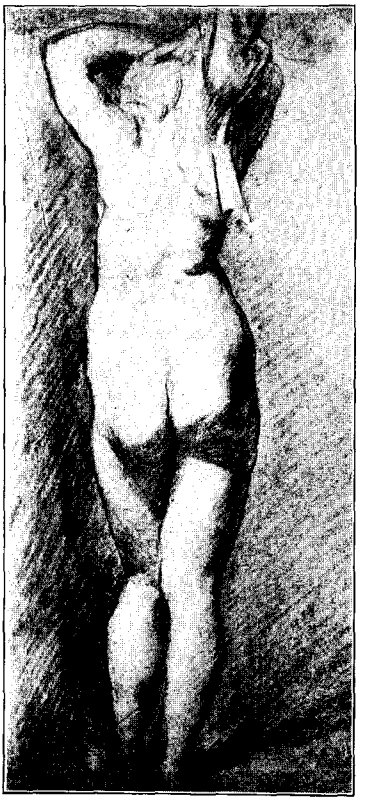
Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus.

From the painting by Rubens in Lord Darnley's Collection.

Hercules.

From the drawing by Rubens in the British Museum.



Study of a Woman.

From the drawing by Rubens in the Louvre.

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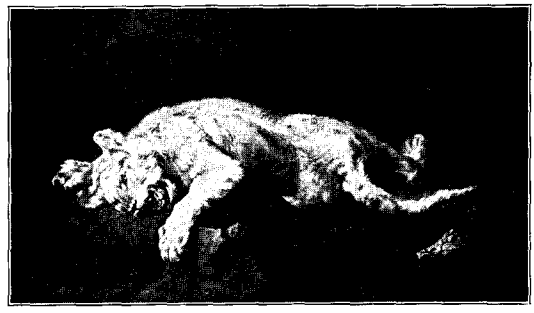
La Ronde.

From the painting by Rubens in the Prado.



A Lioness at Play.

From the painting by Rubens in Lord Normanton's Collection.

Heads of Negroes.

From the study by Rubens in a Russian Collection.

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the imagination of man, as I have asserted at the outset, will always kindle with a peculiar warmth to those masters who, like myriad-minded Shakespeare, exercise their genius with a certain majestic sweep, establishing all the elements in a work of art in a perfect balance.

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It is the mark of Leonardo, of Michael Angelo, of Rembrandt. There is excuse for a slightly *malin* chuckle over Whistler's recognition of the portentous Dutchman's alliance with merely human things. Unconscious, perhaps, of his testimony to Rembrandt's feeling for realistic truth as distinguished from the "arrangement," he praises him because he "saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' Quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks." In other words Rembrandt not only knew the world in which he lived but, scorning the isolation of an ivory tower, in a passion of creative emotion he identified himself heart and soul with any theme that attracted his brush, humanizing the picture to its core. Such sympathy has a profoundly energizing influence. It is not a separate, deliberately governed manifestation of the will. It means, rather, the operation of the artist's whole nature, the reaction of life upon every nerve in his organization, so that character and technique move together in one steady progress. I never can think of substance and form in a work of art as anything save interdependent factors. A painter's idea is not detached from him and taken up by him as he might take an elixir out of a bottle and mix it with his pigments. It is a passage in his experience, a moment in his life, that possesses him and becomes inextricably enmeshed in the texture of his technique. The bigger he is, the more adventurous his instincts, the weightier and the more splendidly quickened his art. Some time ago M. Paul Collin translated into French and carefully annotated the correspondence of Rubens. There is a deep significance in the fact that the letters in the first volume should be assembled under the rubric of "Vie Publique et Intellectuelle." Think of the implications in the phrase! That a painter, a craftsman, a man of his hands, should have had a full and interesting life apart from the studio! How interesting and how full it was may be judged from the circumstance that one of the master's more recent biographers, Mr. Anthony Bertram, has been able to make a substantial little book out of his hero's diplomatic adventures alone. Is it fantastic to believe that they contributed enormously to the fertilization of his artistic genius? I think they did.

Rubens *lived*. It is as important to remember that as it is to reckon with the mysterious play of sheer inspiration in his soul and in his fingers. His career has the dense, fervid grain of a glorious tapestry, all glowing color, shot with gold. Commencing artist while still in his teens, first under Tobias Verhaecht and then under Van Noort, he finally found a perfect master in Otho van Veen, who not only gave his precocious talent excellent training but especially confirmed him in a tendency toward the Italianism which was then active in Flemish and Dutch circles. In 1600, when he was twenty-three, Rubens was on his way south, already a painter of approved capacity, and, besides, a young man of attractive personality. The latter fact unquestionably counted in his advancement. A meeting in Venice with an influential follower of the Duke of Mantua led to his prompt engagement as court painter to that busy dilettante. He

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was not rigidly confined, either, to the seat of the Gonzagas. He saw Florence. He was sent to Rome to make copies of the masters. Something about his readiness and courtliness seems soon to have made him eligible for that *vie publique* to which I have alluded and Gonzaga sent him to Spain with presents for Philip III and various courtiers. Thenceforth the political or quasi-political note is more and more frequently sounded in his record. It is as an artist that he forsakes Mantua and settles in Antwerp but again and again he is drawn into diplomacy. He goes up and down Europe to stand before kings, exerting his gifts of charm and persuasiveness—and his linguistic facility—in affairs of state. Even to summarize the international situations which took him from the court of Brussels to that of Paris or that of London would lead us too far afield and I have, indeed, no intention of traversing the subject in detail. But I place it, in general, in the foreground, as pointing to the unlimited energy, the vast resourcefulness, the resiliency and the human adaptability which incidentally explain the artist in Rubens.

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The magnificent rhythm of his daily walk and demeanor, the incessant stimulus given by public life to his sense of responsibility, the pressure upon him of grave issues and high decisions, all nourished the large and even heroic aspects of his genius. He was framed by nature to plunge into huge undertakings and the multifarious ways of his life helped to develop in him the requisite faculties. When Marie de' Medici was looking for a master to decorate her palace she was told by an observant counsellor that "the painters of Italy would not carry out in ten years what Rubens would do in four." In the upshot the Queen got the spectacular series of big paintings now in the Louvre, a fairly gigantic ensemble. Rubens himself, in a letter to a British client, luminously says: "I confess that my natural inclination is to execute large works rather than little curiosities. Each man to his gift; mine is such that no enterprise however great or varied in subject daunts my courage." It is true that he ran a picture factory, with the aid of numerous pupils—the young Van Dyck for a time among them—but he bore the lion's share of the labor that sent forth three thousand and more paintings from his studio. And while there are, to be sure, some "little curiosities" in his *œuvre,* it is to be remarked that even when he is working on a small scale the accent of a superb *furia* is there.

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It was affirmed largely through an incomparable manual dexterity. Rubens is only half understood if he is not realized as the master craftsman, the instinctive wielder of the brush. But he is, again, only half understood if the origin of his fecundity is not seen to lie in his mind and imagination as well as in that invincible hand. He was, to begin with, an unremitting student, and, by the way, it is a grievous loss that his letters seldom have anything to do with art and yield no impressions of the masters he revered. But at least we know that on Italian soil he deeply pondered the methods of such figures as Michael Angelo and Titian. He copied them as he did painters as dissimilar as Veronese and Correggio. In nothing was the influence of the Italians upon him more potent than in matters of design, which is to say in the realm

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of brain-stuff. There is a good deal that is architectural in his work, design that is literally built up, with elaborately structural backgrounds. Italy showed him how to organize a picture and he extended the lesson on his own initiative, replacing the rather austere architectural lines of the pure Renaissance by a bolder, baroque, perhaps theatrical type of decoration. Was there a theatrical strain in Rubens? One is inclined to say so in the presence of the immense Medici panels or even before that great painting in the Cathedral at Antwerp, the "Descent from the Cross." He is unquestionably a puissant dramatist, knowing exactly how to make the most of an attitude, a gesture, a flash of light. Yet the hint of the theatre gives way to something deeper and finer. Rubens, so obviously expert in stage management, is expert also in the evocation of the movement and color of life. One comes back to his feeling for human things, his saturation in experience, his character of the painter doubled with the man of affairs. He may be never so adroit in the fixation of a pose and the manipulation of a drapery, he may be never so gorgeous in a kind of orchestral bravura, and still he will maintain the infallible eye of the born realist.

Within the frame of a composition of his, no matter how stately, no matter how florid, the forms are drawn and modelled with the strong, constructive touch of the artist accustomed to keeping his eye on the object. Sometimes, as in the "Elevation of the Cross," also in Antwerp Cathedral, he makes you think for a moment of the swelling limbs and torsos of Michael Angelo and he seems then the emulator of a formula rather than the observer of nature, but the impression quickly passes—you know that he is functioning as one who *sees*. Even his architectural backgrounds have a relation to vivid, factual precedent. He had drawn the Italian *palazzi* with gusto and in Flanders he was an old hand at designing the sumptuous triumphal arches for some royal entry into the city. I cannot return too often to this tie between the artist and the public functionary, which is to say between the artist and the man. When he set some group of religious or secular import against a grand pillared fabric he was only realizing on canvas the splendors with which experience at home and on his travels had made him familiar.

Underneath those splendors were the racy, intimate qualities of the full-bodied Fleming. All the biographers pause upon his aristocratic dress and gallant carriage, the luxurious brilliance of his home in Antwerp, the riches that he won not only because he was a great painter but because he was a shrewd business man. He was a zestful, happy creature. He had a perfect helpmate in his first wife, Isabella Brandt, and a match for her in his second, Helena Fourment. Whole-heartedly he loved—and painted—them both. He dressed them, as he dressed himself, in velvets and jewels and there is something symbolical in the fact. It is indicative of the prevailing strain in his history. Diplomatically Rubens had some setbacks but otherwise he enjoyed almost unparalleled prosperity. The cup of his good fortune was filled to overflowing. The rulers of the earth were his patrons and he saw to it that they paid him well. Nor has time reversed the judgment of his contemporaries. The most purely popular artist of the seventeenth century, literally the most "fashionable," he has not by any means paid the usual

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penalty of such a type. On the contrary, he is honored to-day wherever great painting is honored.

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Criticism, it is true, is bound to qualify admiration of his work. It distinguishes between his imaginative reach and that of certain of his predecessors. Compare his "Little Last Judgement," at Munich, with Michael Angelo's treatment of the theme in the Sistine Chapel. It is like opposing a mere pell-mell of fleshly nudes to a scene of supernatural earthquake and eclipse. Put an "Entombment" of his beside one of Titian's and it crumples up. There is an excess of violence in him where the sublime masters of the world give you a gracious serenity. Rubens could no more have painted a subtle picture like Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks" than he could have pulled himself up by his bootstraps. But why should he have tried to do anything of the sort? I make these comparisons simply to bring out the manner of artist he was. He lived, as I have said, and it is the savor of his own zealous, active, variegated life that runs through his paintings. He has dramatically forceful pathos, as he shows repeatedly in his Scriptural designs, if he has not exquisite tenderness; there is might in him, if there is not refinement of taste, and lifted up through all his stage management, through all his decorative accessories, there is the truth and vigor of life.

Sometimes I wonder if the last vital spirit of Rubens is not expressed in his landscapes, painted just for pleasure, and especially in that heavenly one, "La Ronde," that hangs in the Prado. There the great trees rear their heads above panting country-folk swirling in the dance. Man and nature seem to vibrate with well-being, till the very air is joyous. Rubens felt the hot, material glory of the scene and put it on canvas as something that satisfied his innermost and somewhat sensuous self. His own pulse quickened with the dance. His eyes drank in the flood of warm summer light, the shimmer of the leaves, the very genius of nature. His hand registered with a kind of exultant mastery what he felt and saw. That, in his characteristic mood, whether devout, romantic, historical, pastoral, or mythological, was Rubens. "La Ronde" sums him up.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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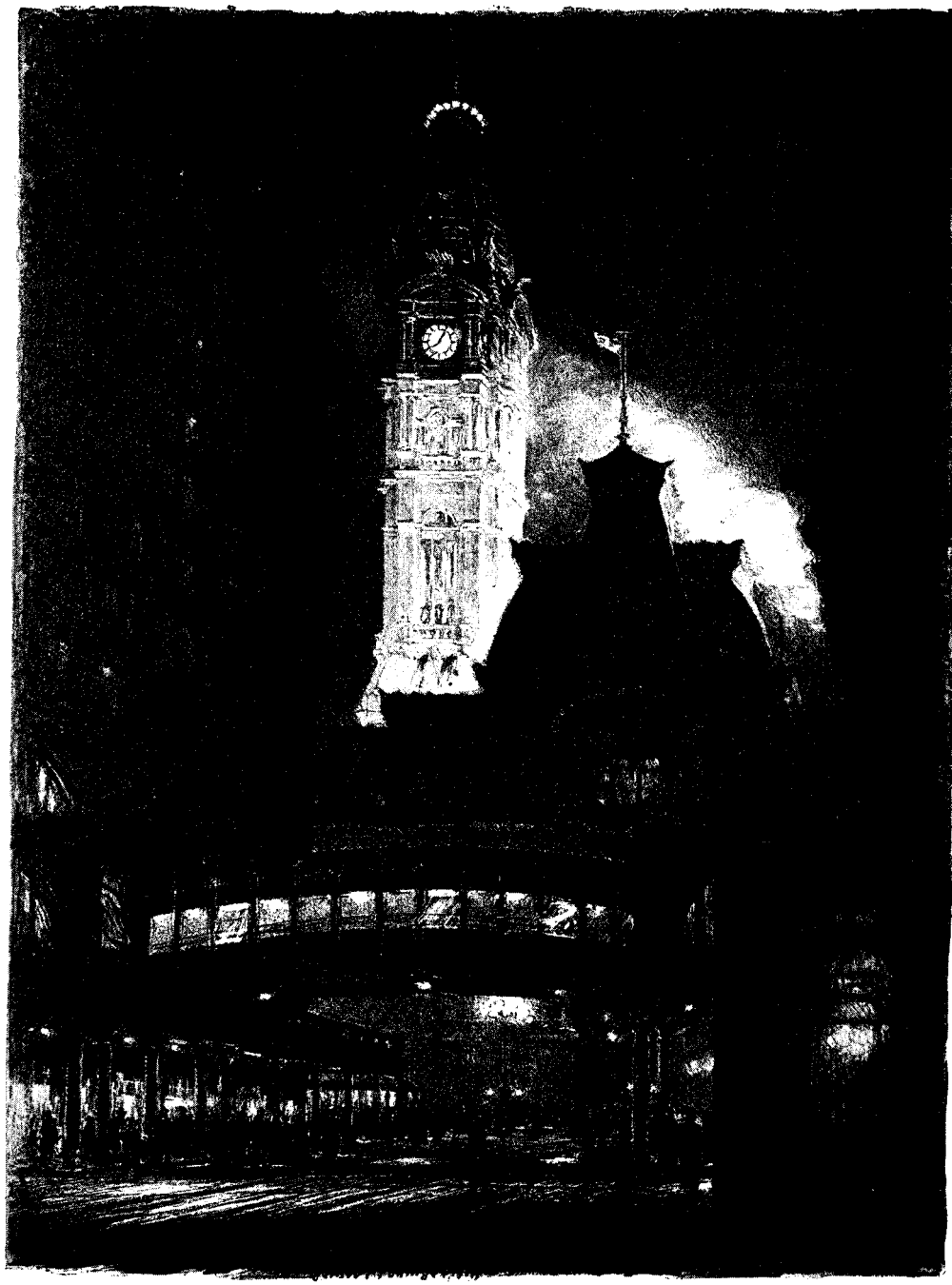

If Franklin should suddenly appear in Philadelphia . . .

City Hall at night, from a lithograph by Herbert Pullinger.

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